HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1498.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

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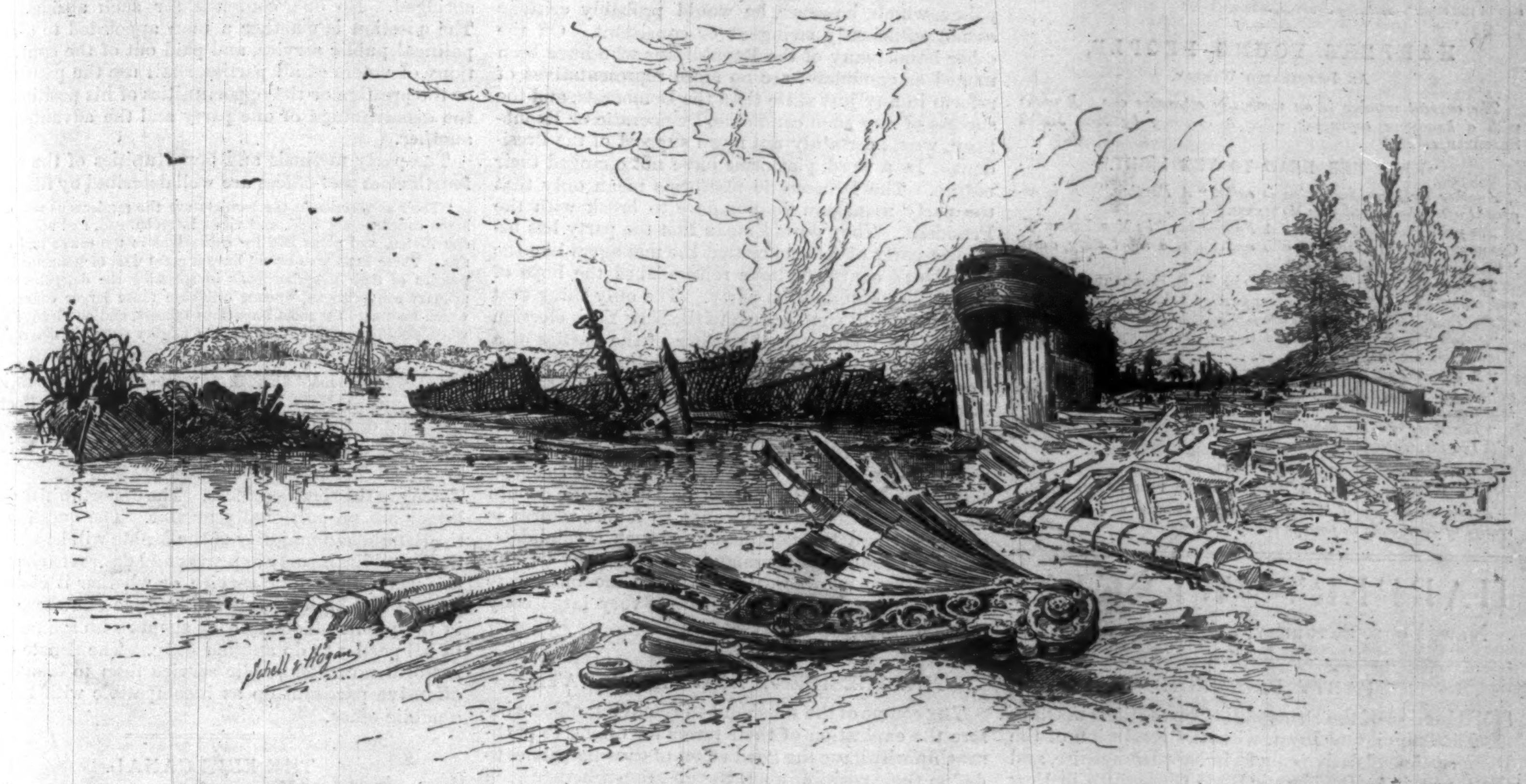
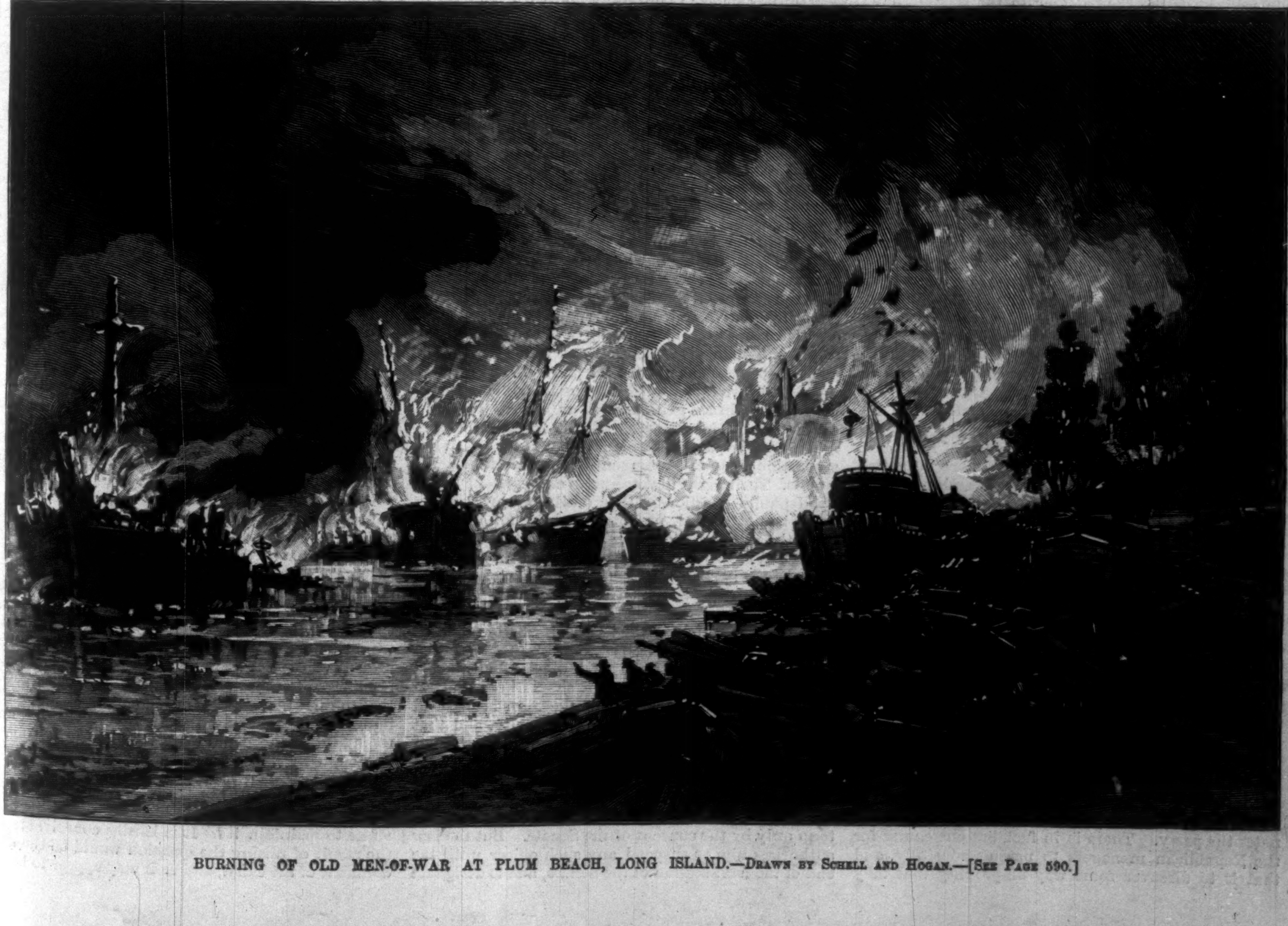


THE BEACH AFTER THE FIRE.



BURNING OF OLD MEN-OF-WAR AT PLUM BEACH, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 590.]

FRAUD.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number is an unusually attractive one. It opens with a handsome engraving, after a drawing by MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled*

"KEEP HER HEAD TO THE LIGHT."

Another striking illustration is called "A Parting." It is engraved after the painting by MARIANNE STOKES.

The principal short story is "A Family Jar," by MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY. MR. DAVID KER *also contributes a short story, called "The Count's Strange Guest."*

The serial story, "Two Arrows," by W. O. STODDARD, *is continued, and the second and concluding part of "Annely, the Lost Rose of the Tyrol," is given. Both are handsomely illustrated.*

"School 'Keeps' Again" is the title of a full-page drawing by MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

"A Chat About Snakes" gives some interesting information on a subject concerning which young people have little knowledge and much prejudice.

"The Wolf and the Bear" is a humorous poem by PALMER COX, *with two illustrations by the author.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

PARTY PROSPECTS.

THE action of the Democratic Conventions in Ohio, Mississippi, and Iowa, with the resolution of the Democratic legislative caucus in New Hampshire, and the tone of the Democratic State Committee in New York, show two things: first, that the party as such will not openly oppose or condemn the President; and second, that it can not be treated merely as the rebellion revived or the Confederacy in the saddle. Mr. **CLEVELAND** was not the natural candidate of the Democratic politicians, and his principle and his course in regard to the civil service are not agreeable to their policy. But he was nominated because it was plain that no Democrat could be elected who did not represent something more than the Democratic tradition. He was nominated because the party managers were sagacious enough to see that his convictions and courage in regard to the civil service were what the intelligent sentiment of the country demanded. He was elected because that sentiment trusted him, and the party managers now praise his administration, not necessarily because they approve his views and action, but because they know that that sentiment is not disappointed in him, and that he and his general course are the sole hope of his party. The situation is shown plainly by the fact, which we hold to be unquestionable, that no mere traditional Democrat like Mr. **HENDRICKS** could have been elected to the Presidency last year, and that Democratic candidates in the different States this year will be strong only as they are declared to be in full sympathy with the President.

This is one of the best possible signs of the times, because it shows that the country is more interested in actual issues than in the passions and prejudices of the war, and because it compels the Republican party to address itself to those issues rather than to its traditions. None of the Democratic State Conventions takes a decided position upon the tariff. They all commend the President's course, which has thus far been concerned mainly with the civil service, while a free vote and fair count in certain parts of the Southern States Republicans do not propose to secure by national legislation. It is thus clear that wholesale denunciation of the Administration, and of the return of the rebellion, and of the destruction of a free vote in certain districts, will not suffice for the Republican platform. It is evident that the Republican managers must treat the Democratic party seriously, for that party not only has the Administration, but it is an Administration which is generally approved by independent voters; not, indeed, because of the party, but because of the President who dominates the party. There is, in fact, but one course for the Republican managers to pursue hopefully, and that is to discover some way of proving that they may be more safely trusted to secure the very results which the Democratic managers promise; for practically our politics have come to this point of determining whether the Democratic or Republican party is the more promising agency to secure the same general result. Consequently a Republican victory, under certain circumstances, would more strongly sustain the President than a Democratic victory.

In New York, for instance, the election of a Republican candidate like Mayor LOW or **SHERMAN S. ROGERS** would be a more positive approval of the President's course than the election of almost any Democratic candidate who has been named, because none of the Democratic candidates who have been conspicuously named are in any sense, either in themselves or in their most active supporters, friends of reform in the President's sense, while Mr. **ROGERS**, for instance, although he voted for Mr. **BLAINE**, is thoroughly in accord with Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s declared policy, which, however, he would probably criticise as not sufficiently stringent or consistent. On the other hand, many of the Republicans who have been named as candidates are no more representatives of reform in any just sense than the Democrats, and the success of any such candidate, Democratic or Republican, would certainly not mean support of the President. In a word, platforms have not changed their nature. The Democratic platforms mean only that the party managers do not dare to break with the President. They do not mean that the party has become a party of reform, or that the managers like the President's course, or have relinquished the hope of controlling him and the party. The only thing that will give a real significance to the New York election will be the nomination by either of the parties of a man who is an earnest and sincere administrative reformer, who would not only enforce the civil service law as applied to the classified service, but observe its spirit and purpose in all his appointments. The election of such a candidate, by whomsoever nominated, would be real support of the President. But the election of any other, Republican or Democratic, would be a result without significance so far as reform is concerned, and the nomination of such a candidate, therefore, could not command the sympathy or support of those who hold reform to be the immediate important question, and they are a very large body of voters in the State of New York.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE course of the President in removing officers before the expiration of their terms for offensive partisanship will have the good effect of causing parties to define their position upon the question whether such a charge, if sustained, is a proper reason for removal. The law now provides that every officer who is appointed for a specific term shall hold during that term, unless sooner removed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, which consent is given by confirming a successor. The subject will be brought before the Senate by the nomination of any person to replace an officer removed for offensive partisanship. The President, indeed, may decline to give any reasons for a proposed change, or he may decline to present the evidence which has satisfied him, since the question is one of interpretation and degree. President **CLEVELAND** probably would not hesitate to answer a respectful request of the Senate for the reasons of any proposed removal, and the Republican majority would declare by their votes whether, if the reason should be offensive partisanship, it is one which justifies removal. The partisanship which **GALLATIN** condemned was any exercise of official influence to restrain or control in others freedom of opinion or freedom of suffrage. **HARRISON**, in **WEBSTER**'s circular, speaks of officers "guilty of active partisanship," and who give their official influence to the purposes of party, as worthy of removal. But he does not define active partisanship. The Republican President **HAYES**, in his general circular, describes it more distinctly. "No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views upon public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties." President **CLEVELAND** has stated permissible party action more briefly: "The quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of party service."

The Senate will decide by its action whether it holds any kind of partisan activity which can not be shown to interfere with the discharge of official duty to be a good reason for removal. If it should hold that removal before the expiration of the term is justified only by proved dishonesty and incapacity, and that an officer may use all the patronage and prestige of his place to promote the interests of his party, it would virtually approve one of the most dangerous abuses of the spoils system. Under the law the President can effect the removal of an officer serving for a fixed term only by the consent of the Senate. But the law authorizes him to suspend any such officer until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some one to perform the duties of the office in the mean time. If the nomination to replace the suspended officer is confirmed by the Senate, he is by that act removed. But if the Senate fails to confirm the nomination, the law does not provide for the restoration of the suspended officer. Meanwhile his temporary successor must serve without pay. This is a very unsatisfactory state of the law, which arises from the fact that the original law was passed to bridle **ANDREW JOHNSON**, and was then modified under **GRANT**. But the Senate did not wish to relinquish altogether the power which it had asserted to control the Executive action, and the law was consequently left confused. A Republican Senate could not affirm that officers with fixed terms ought not to be suspended or removed for offensive partisanship without annulling the Republican claim to be the party of reform. The question is not whether a citizen's right of discussion and of voting shall be abridged. No one contends for such abridgment. The question is whether a man appointed to a non-political public service, and paid out of the contributions of voters of all parties, shall use the patronage or the prestige or the opportunities of his position for the disadvantage of one party and the advantage of another.

The party methods and opportunities of the small fourth-class post-offices are well described by the *Sun:*

> "Their snuggeries in the hamlets are the rendezvous where the home caucuses are held, and views interchanged, and newspapers distributed, and plans laid for campaigns in the towns and counties. These little post-offices have a great deal of influence in the politics of their neighborhoods in selecting the delegates to the primary convocations, whence originate those larger conventions which nominate the most important officers, and on election days, when pulling together, they exert a mighty power in determining results."

Mr. **DWIGHT LAWRENCE**, a well-known Republican politician in New York, says to the same effect in speaking of the country postmasters:

> "Most of the work in the various country localities has in the past been done for the Republican party by them."

These are the smaller offices. The opportunities of the larger are proportionally greater. The question for the Republican majority of the Senate will be whether the Republican party approves and desires to continue this use of the public service, or whether it wishes to compel this kind of work to be done elsewhere than in the public offices, and by agents who are not paid by all parties to do another duty. The Senate could perform no better public service than to brand such offensive partisanship as incompatible with holding a public office.

THE ERIE CANAL.

THE late Canal Conference at Utica was a very interesting and important meeting, and the proceedings were marked by great discretion. Two or three resolutions adopted after the main platform, and when many of the members had left, can hardly be regarded as a substantial part of the action of the Conference. The chief point which it was the object of the Conference to bring before the State is the desirability of enlarging the carrying capacity of the canals and of cheapening transportation. The Erie Canal has been of immense benefit to the State. It opens the great waterway for Western produce, and last year it brought to New York more grain than all the railroads. Its importance to internal transport is very great, and the State has made it free and keeps it in repair. It is urged, therefore, that as it has become as free a waterway as the Hudson River, it ought to be aided by the whole country which shares its benefits.

A resolution to this effect, however, was declined by the important committee to which the question of proper action was referred by the Conference, and the deepening of the canal and the enlargement of the locks must be done by the State if they are to be done at all. The necessary expense, it is computed, will be more than two millions of dollars, and if the indirect advantage to the State by the increased traffic can be fairly demonstrated, the same considerations which led to the building of the canal will undoubtedly secure its enlargement. The proposition will encounter the strong hostility of vast organized interests, and the appeal to the old feelings which so long opposed the original work of the canal will be renewed.

The argument that the canal should be made to keep pace with the increase of trade and the demands upon its carriage capacity is very strong, and if it be plainly desirable to maintain the canal as it is, it would seem to be evident that the proportional change would be desirable. If it be really useful with the present volume of transport, it would be more useful if enlarged to the enlarged demand. The suggestion that to raise the question of increased taxation for the improvement will raise the question of the wisdom of maintaining the canal at all is not unreasonable. Undoubtedly it will raise that question. But it is a question that ought to be raised and settled. For if it be not worth while to adapt the canal to the changed and changing conditions of transport, is it worth while to maintain it? It is hardly conceivable that the result of raising the question would be the abandonment of the canal, and as it may appear to be wise to enlarge it, the question may be wisely considered. The management of the subject seems to have fallen into very careful hands, and it is one of the few great questions of public policy in the State that possibly may be saved from becoming a mere party question.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

The course of the Republican State Committee of New York in calling the Convention to meet two days before the Democratic Convention and in recommending the most liberal invitation to voters in the district primaries is exceedingly wise. It is an action which suggests a consciousness of the fact, which we have often emphasized, that the real contest between the parties now is to show which is the better agency of reform and good government. If the Convention should nominate candidates who are known to be sincerely friendly to reform, and if the local Republican Conventions should also nominate similar candidates for the Assembly and Senate, and especially if they should refuse to renominate the legislators who discredited the party last year, the signs of returning political health would be encouraging.

The resolution adopted by the Committee recommending the most liberal call for the primaries is this:

> "*Resolved*, As the judgment of this Committee, that all voters residing in the several Assembly districts of the State who adhere to the principles of the Republican party, and whose general intention is to act with the party and promote its success by their votes and influence at the next general election, be invited, without regard to any so-called fundamental test, to attend and take part in said primaries, and this Committee recommends all organizations of the party throughout the State to act in compliance with the foregoing suggestions."

This resolution is a frank confession that the party is not stronger because of the Independent secession of last year, and a plain declaration that a voter does not cease to be a Republican because he may vote for a good Democratic candidate to insure the defeat of a Republican whom he holds to be unfit. Mr. Van Cott, who introduced the resolution, admitted that there were thousands of Republicans in the city of New York who did not vote last year for the Republican candidate, and he thought that they should be enabled to do so this year if possible.

This is a wise and practical view. But recovery of the lost Republican vote of last year can not be easily accomplished. It is not a vote which is waiting to be asked to return, nor which is ready to return upon the slightest excuse. The bolt was an indication of a political situation which may involve general party dissolution and reorganization, and it became much more serious, and threatened to be very much more radical and decisive, when the speeches of leading Republicans during the campaign apparently indicated a fatal decline of the old Republican tone and character by practically asserting that a true Republican would vote for any regularly nominated candidate. The party contest in New York promises to be very interesting, and it is certainly an immense advantage derived from the Democratic success of last year if it shall appear that both parties are put upon the best possible behavior, and that each is trying to show a superior claim to the support of good citizens who see that there is really no other issue than good administration.

"NO TIME FOR POLITICS."

When Collector Hedden was appointed, he said to a reporter that "he had no time for politics, and was pledged to conduct the Custom-house upon purely business principles." That this should be his course was undoubtedly the President's purpose in his appointment, and it was the just expectation of those who do not doubt the President's good faith. When, therefore, it was announced from Saratoga at the time of the meeting of the Democratic State Committee, and not by a paper unfriendly to the President, that "Hubert O. Thompson and Collector Hedden head the Cooper forces," and again that "here are Hubert O. Thompson and the Collector of the Port strongly urging the nomination of Mr. Cooper," it was plain, if the report were true, that the Collector was repudiating his own words, and breaking faith with the public and the President.

One of the most shameful and flagrant illustrations of the abuses of the spoils system, which did much to arouse public attention and indignation, and led to the passage of the reform law, was the presence of Republican collectors and their subordinates at conventions and caucuses. It was that interference of patronage with the freedom of elections which was officially denounced by Gallatin and Webster, and was emphatically declared to be good cause for removal.

If the Collector were a Republican, and had appeared at the meeting of the State Committee in concert with a conspicuous politician to promote the nomination of a candidate, it would be properly regarded as most offensive partisanship, and very far from that "quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights" which the President has stated to be the reasonable measure of the party service of public officers like the Collector. The statement in a paper friendly to the President that "the way the Custom-house mine has been worked here is not creditable to a reform administration" is not only true, but it shows that any effort to restore the old abuses will be instantly seen and exposed; and officers appointed by the President can do him and his administration no more serious mischief than by taking part, directly or indirectly, in the management of political conventions. Any "Custom-house candidate" will be strenuously opposed by those who insist that the Collector shall have no time for politics of this kind, and who mean to take the Custom-house out of politics.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The seventy-sixth anniversary of Dr. Holmes's birth was celebrated last Saturday. The birthday greetings and good wishes that were delivered to the poet upon that occasion can have been but a very partial and incomplete expression of the universal respect and affection he has inspired among his countrymen. Born in the same year with Tennyson, there is no hint in his latest productions of any falling off from the work of his prime. As a writer of occasional verses Dr. Holmes has been more unfailingly successful, not merely than any poet of his own time, but than any poet throughout the whole range of English literature. The happy tact with which he unfailingly strikes the right note has never been more brightly illustrated than in the graceful and tender dedication, printed in last week's issue of the Weekly, of a selection from his verse to be printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. His prose reminiscences lately published in the *Atlantic* have been distinguishable from his workmanship of a quarter of a century ago only by the greater mellowness of the style. Dr. Holmes's position in literature is almost unique as that of a satirist whose wit, while always pointed, has never made an enemy. There is no discordant note in the chorus of good-will and honor that reaches him in his tranquil and genial old age.

EX-GOVERNOR FENTON.

Mr. Fenton had been long withdrawn from public life, but his sudden death recalls a figure very familiar to the politics of a few years since—the figure of a soft-mannered, shrewd, and agreeable political leader, who held high offices and was much trusted by the faction of the party opposed to Mr. Conkling.

Mr. Fenton's break with the party in 1872, when he supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Greeley, proved to be the last act of his political career. Some of his associates in the movement, notably Mr. Depew and Mr. Hiscock, promptly renewed their relations with the Republican party, and are now among its recognized leaders. But Mr. Fenton, while remaining a Republican, never resumed his old party activity.

To the public Mr. Fenton was a mild and urbane gentleman, and a politician of the New York school, who will be personally remembered with much kindness for his affability and courtesy.

THE STORY OF SUMTER.

A generous and patriotic lady in Boston has instituted a weekly course of lectures for young people upon "The War for the Union," which are delivered every Wednesday afternoon in the Old South Meeting-house, and a correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* speaks very highly of the second lecture of the course, upon "The Fall of Sumter," by Colonel T. W. Higginson. The tale was told "with such enthusiasm, such directness, such dramatic power, that the whole audience listened like one person." Nature, says the writer, has made him a story-teller, and "no tale of romance could be more captivating, more exciting, more noble, than this story of honor and valor as told by Colonel Higginson."

Mr. Higginson was an uncompromising abolitionist, and colonel of a colored regiment stationed in South Carolina during the war. But he stopped fighting when he unbuckled his sword, and no man is more generously appreciative both of the natural feeling and the difficulties of his old opponents. In his lecture he paid their heroism the tribute of hearty admiration, and it is one of the facts which make every American proud of his country that twenty years after the war its old soldiers on both sides can tell its story as sincere friends, and not as secret enemies.

This spirit does not imply upon either side a surrender of any conviction or of any good object. But it does imply a genuine patriotism and a common pride in the national name and character. Colonel Higginson holds no office, and so far as we know he seeks none, and it is in the views and feelings of private citizens like him and Mr. Warner, not in the platforms and campaign cries of contending parties, that the real conviction and drift of feeling in the country are to be seen.

AT NIAGARA.

In his admirable oration upon the occasion of taking possession by the State of the shores of Niagara Falls, Mr. Carter invoked the co-operation of the Canadian authorities to complete the good work upon their side of the river. They are already moving, and, as we learn, in the right direction. They will undoubtedly be governed in the character of the arrangement of the grounds by our example, and the action of the American Commission in this, as in other respects, is so judicious that it is to be hoped the mistake of a highly ornate and artificial park will be avoided. On both sides of the river, however, there is too much of the feeling that what is called nature is a cheap and easy thing to obtain, and not becoming to so great an enterprise as the restoration of Niagara. But this, happily, is not the view of the Commission.

The pleasant effect of the change at Niagara is already visible. A late letter informs us of the presence there of large numbers of persons whom the old half-dollar entrance fee to Goat Island, and other fees now abolished, would have kept away, and the proportion of all visitors who go to the island is much greater than ever before. The daily business of the hotels is somewhat increased by those who come merely for the day. A most competent observer says: "I am more than ever impressed with the value of what has been gained, and of the educational effect of gaining it. People are taking a soberer pleasure in the Falls."

The good result of arousing, instructing, and organizing public opinion for the rescue of Niagara is so evident that it might be advisable to pursue a similar course in regard to the Adirondack forests. The arguments in the latter case would be perhaps more immediately effective than in the former. The Legislature, indeed, provided for the appointment of a commission. But we believe that two of the three members designated have declined the appointment, leaving as the sole commissioner a strong opponent of the project. The active hostile interests are probably stronger than those in the case of the Niagara reservation. But the object is one which is quite sure to be generally supported when once fully understood.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Dorman B. Eaton is a well-built man, of say one hundred and seventy pounds in weight and five feet eleven in height, with a mouth suggestive of indomitable resolution, and a nose like Julius Cæsar's. His official connection with civil service reform dates back to 1873, when he was appointed chairman of the first commission; but he had already spent three years in Europe studying the operation of the principle. In 1877 he proposed to President Hayes that the history of England's experience in the matter of civil service reform should be published for the benefit of the American people. Mr. Hayes favored the idea, but regretted the lack of an appropriation to meet the expenses. "I will prepare the volume," replied Mr. Eaton, "at my own expense." The next three months he renewed his study in England, with the well-known results embodied in his book, *Civil Service in Great Britain, and its Bearing on American Politics*, published by the Harpers, and circulated extensively in every State in the Union. He followed this effort to develop public opinion by contributing articles in the Princeton *Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and other periodicals, and by delivering addresses in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and other cities. The first meeting of a Civil Service Reform Association was held in his house in this city in 1874. There are now nearly seventy of these associations. Mr. Eaton drew the Civil Service Bill, which was passed with only slight modifications; and President Arthur, without consulting him, made him the first commissioner of Civil Service Reform.

—Among the deaths from cholera in Spain is that of the Archbishop of Seville, in a village near Granada.

—The late Lord Houghton will be remembered, long after his verse has ceased to be read, for his kindness to David Gray, his early discovery of Swinburne, and his biography of Keats.

—At a public meeting in his honor, Earl Spencer, lately Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, referred to his wife as having "shared all the responsibilities and anxieties" which he experienced during his three years' rule in that country.

—The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has suffered much from rheumatism this year, and been unable to enjoy her favorite pastime of riding. She is famous throughout Europe for her horsemanship. The Emperor William of Germany recently gave her a magnificent bouquet of rose-buds.

—Mr. Will Carleton, the author of *Farm Ballads, Farm Legends, City Ballads*, etc., has during the past week enjoyed the pleasure (if it can be called such) of several times reading his own obituary notice. He has also been startled, at his home in Brooklyn, by letters and telegrams from different parts of the country, at all hours of the day and night, inquiring if he was dead. To all of which queries he has been obliged to return a respectful but inflexible negative. The death of an actor in New York last week named William Carleton furnished material for the mistake, which is gradually being corrected by the press.

—Mr. Robert Garrett's beautiful and costly gift to Baltimore of a fountain has arrived in that city from Paris, and will take its place among the notable art treasures of Mount Vernon Square.

—After an absence of eleven years, Mr. Henry Mosler has returned to New York from Europe. His picture "Le Retour" has been bought by the French government for the Luxembourg Palace; and his "Last Sacrament," reproduced in Harper's Weekly of May 2, received a prize of $2500 in the American Art Gallery.

—The Emperors of Germany and Austria were more demonstrative than usual at their annual meeting at Gastein last month. When the Emperor Francis Joseph was dressing for his departure, the Emperor William determined to bid him good-by a second time, and came near hurting himself seriously by falling on the staircase while hurrying to his Majesty's room, although the Emperor Francis Joseph, having heard of his arrival, tried to stop him from going up.

—Some Russian troops were being transported on a steamer in the Black Sea. The waves rolled heavily, and the soldiers were in danger of falling into the water. A surgeon, Dr. Skariatim, suggested that means be taken to prevent the calamity. "What matters it?" replied an officer; "we have enough of that sort of merchandise. A soldier is not like a horse, for the loss of which we are held responsible." Not long ago a young commissariat officer named Dantchenko committed suicide, because, as he wrote to his wife, "The soldiers and wagoners of my brigade are in rags; they freeze as they sleep on the bare ground, and I can do nothing to help them."

—The London *Spectator* has some appreciative words for *In Partnership: Studies in Story-telling*, by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner—"a pleasant, readable volume."

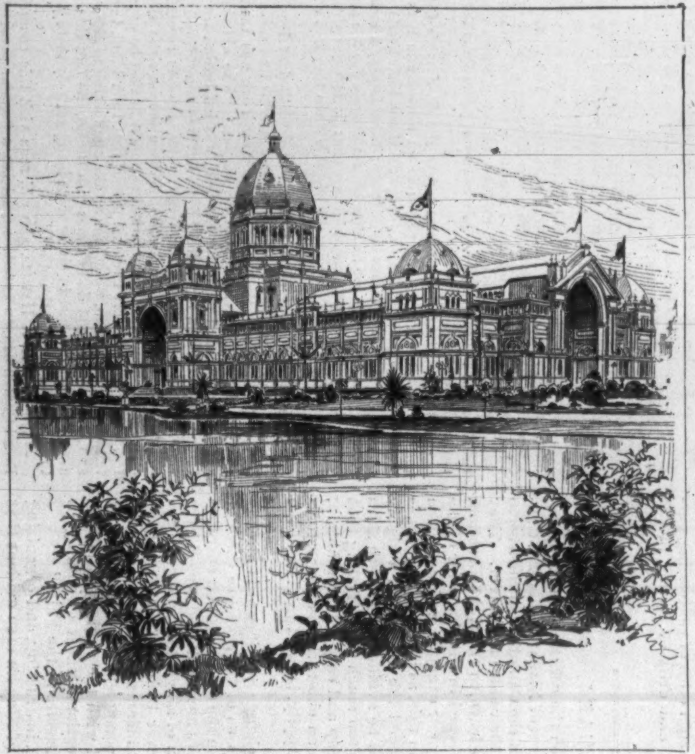
—Mr. Andrew Lang, the poet, has been amusing himself by writing a letter to Percy Bysshe Shelley. He informs Shelley that "the world is no better than the world you knew. This will disappoint you, who had a passion for reforming it. Atheists, you will regret to hear, are still unpopular; but the next Parliament must do something for Mr. Bradlaugh. You should have known him while you were in the Queen Mab stage. Your weaker admirers are now disputing as to whether it was your heart, or a less dignified and perhaps more troublesome organ, which escaped the flames of the funeral pyre. An enemy of yours finds that you had 'a little turned-up nose.'"

—When Mr. Julian Hawthorne, says the *St. James's Gazette*, introduced the novel-reading public to an aristocratic hero who dwelt in a caravan and liked it, the critics shook their heads. But already Mr. Hawthorne has his revenge; for this year a tour in a caravan promises to be the fashionable amusement for the season. There are only two prominent drawbacks: it is expensive, and landed proprietors are occasionally irritable when they find a band of vagrants squatting on their territory.

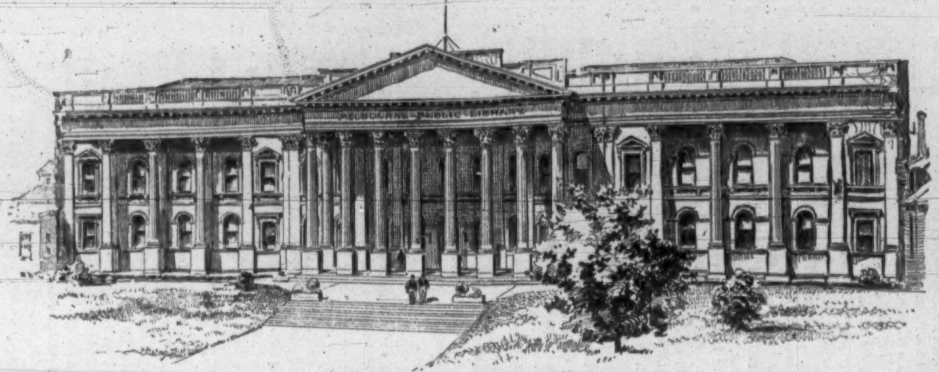
—The funeral of General Grant was described at length by cable to the London papers, one of which informs its readers that a notable feature of the procession in New York was the horse General Grant rode in many of his battles. "The old charger, saddled and bridled ready for the field, was led behind the catafalque," all of which might have been, but was not.

—A water-color painter, Mr. W. W. Fenn, who has recently become totally blind, writes: "The difference between the sleeping and waking state is not so marked as might at first be expected, for, unless by an effort I remind myself that I am blind, I see my friend, after a fashion, while I am awake and talking to him, nearly as vividly as I should do at times in a dream, the fact that in reality I can not see him in either state being scarcely more present to me in one than in the other."

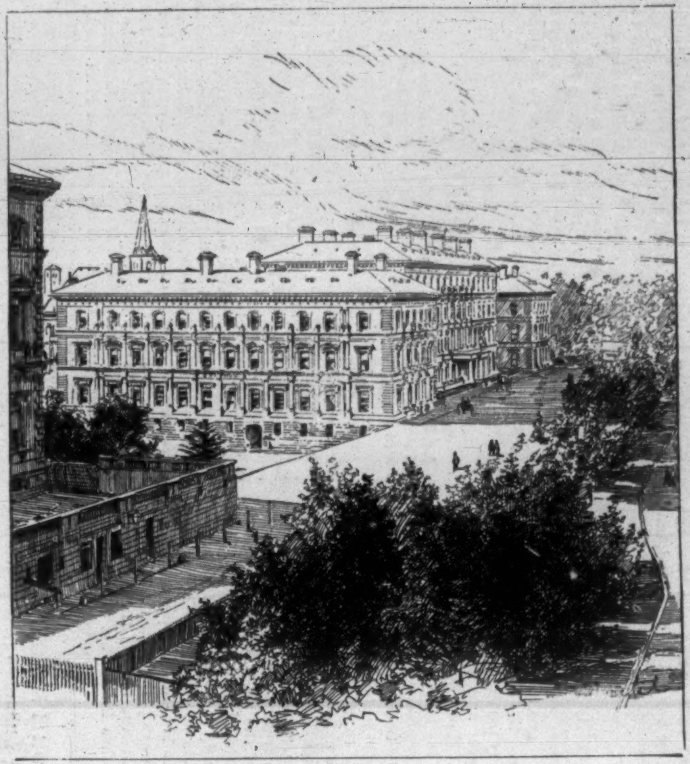
—The Rev. H. R. Hawers, who will soon visit this country, is a Broad-Churchman, an excellent musician, a popular preacher, and an expert in methods of hygiene.



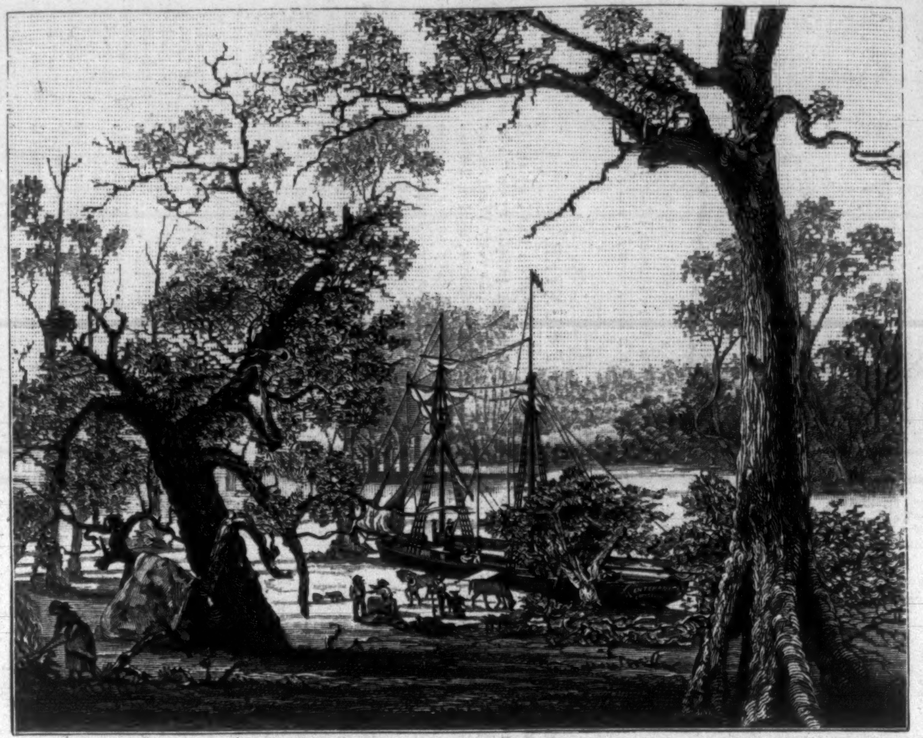
EXHIBITION BUILDING.



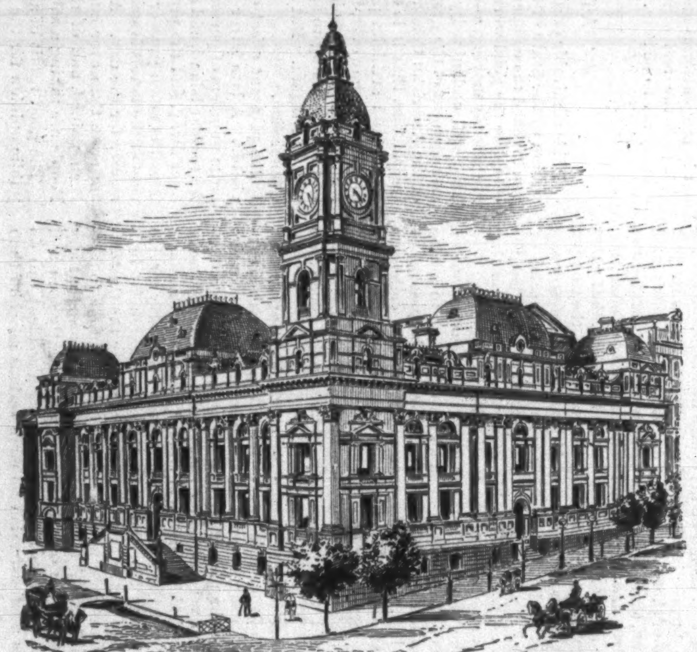
PUBLIC LIBRARY.



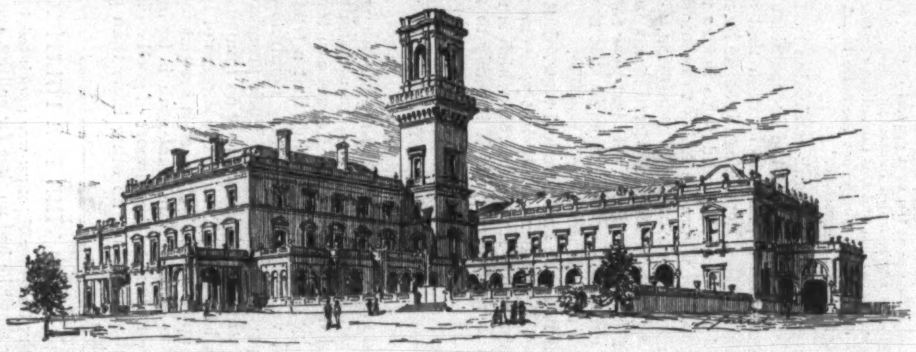
PUBLIC OFFICES AND TREASURY GARDENS.



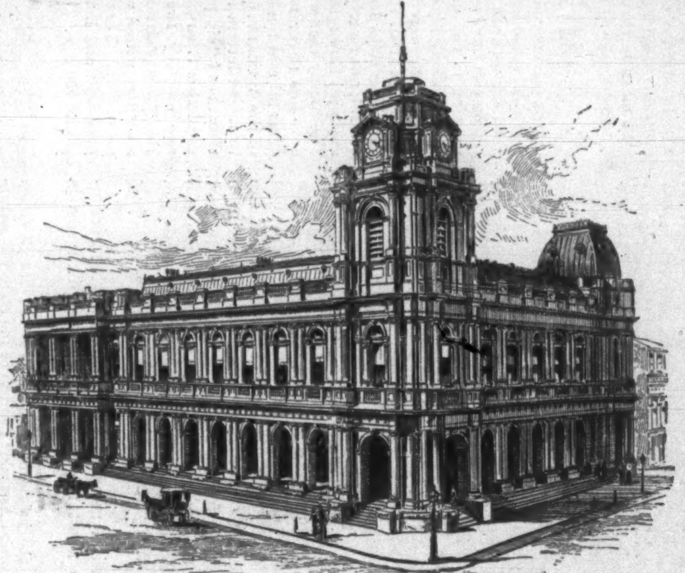
THE FOUNDING OF MELBOURNE, AUGUST, 1835.



TOWN-HALL.

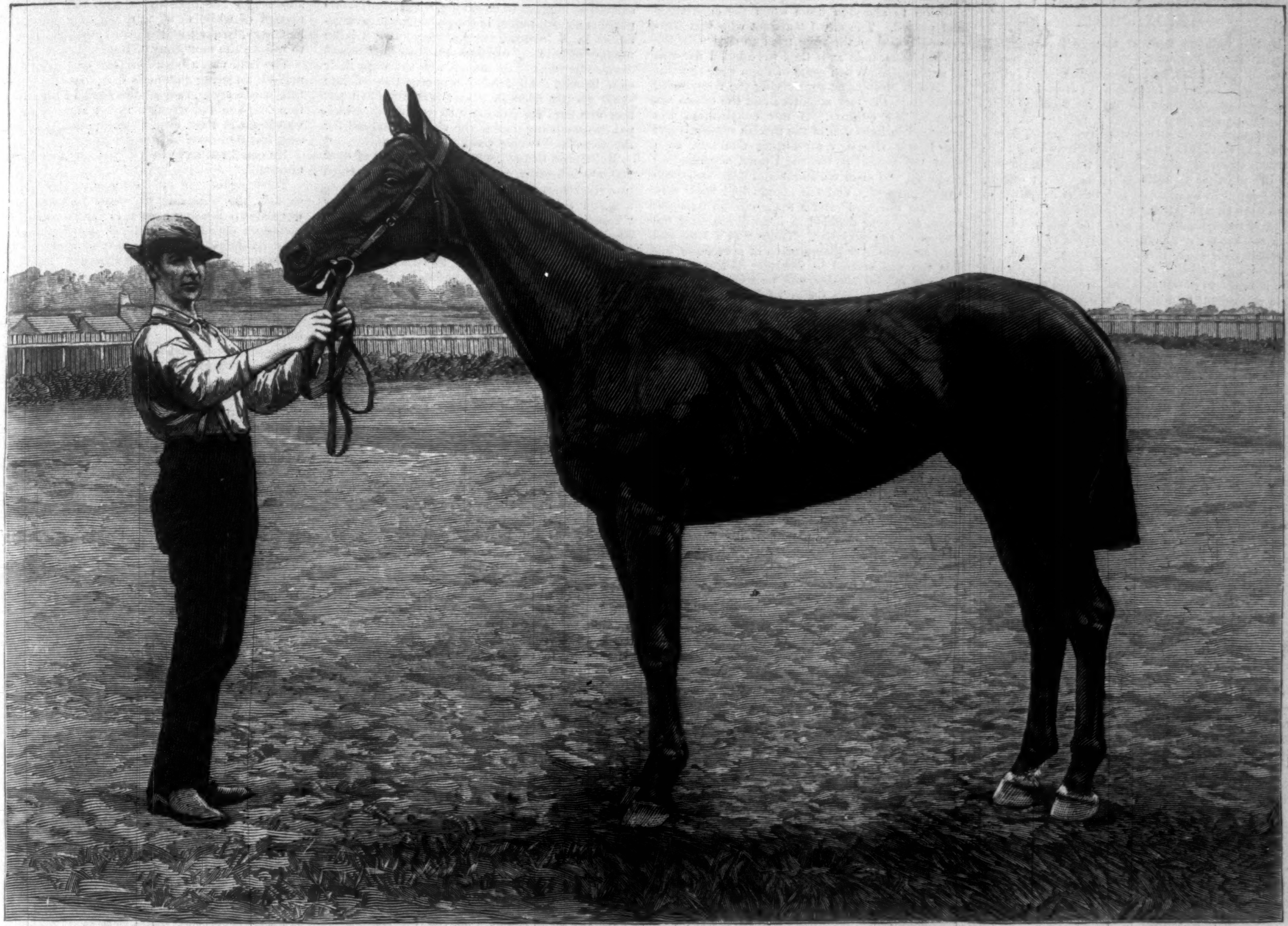


GOVERNMENT-HOUSE.

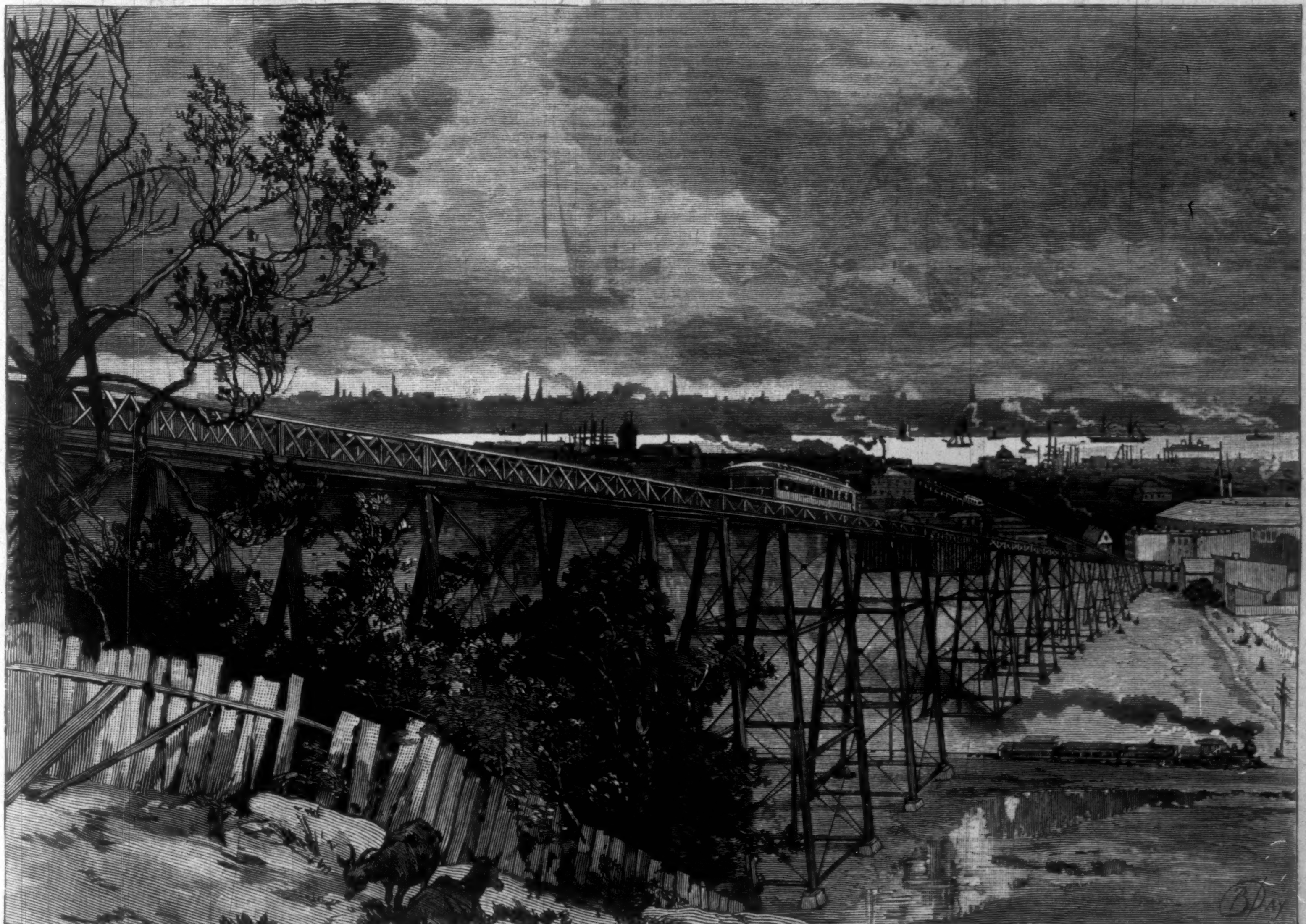


POST-OFFICE.

VIEWS IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Drawn from an Old Print and Photographs.—[See Page 582.]



MISS WOODFORD, "THE QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN TURF."—Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 587.]



THE HOBOKEN ELEVATED RAILROAD.—[See Page 587.]

THE SEMI-CENTENARY OF MELBOURNE.

If the lookout man at George Town River, Tamar Heads, Tasmania, formerly Van Diemen's Land, in July, 1835, had foreseen the great future which was to grow from the "'tween-decks" of the fifty-ton schooner *Enterprise* floating past, bound for the then unknown regions of Port Phillip, some two hundred miles away across Bass's Strait, it is highly probable that he would have thrown down his old-fashioned telescope, thrown up his position as a British government officer, and prayed to be allowed to join the adventurers who were voyaging to found Melbourne, Australia.

It is remarkable that, at a time when Australian settlement was planned only for convicts, six freemen—Messrs. Fawkner, Lancy, Evans, W. Jackson, S. Jackson, and Marr—should have had the courage to fit out and load a craft, to found a free settlement in a country which the officers of his Majesty's ships *Calcutta* and *Ocean* had in 1803 condemned as "unfit for convict settlement," from "a total want of fresh-water" and a soil incapable of successful cultivation, and in 1804 abandoned. Not only had the district been condemned by the British, but by the French also, who left no record of their failure to found a settlement but the name "French" for an island in Western Port Bay. It was on the shores of this Western Port Bay that the bold British adventurers from Van Diemen's Land made good their first landing in the Port Phillip District, three weeks after leaving their homes on the other side of Bass's Strait; but failing to find permanent fresh-water after nine days' search, they took to their *Enterprise*, and on the 16th of August, 1835, entered Port Phillip Heads. The eastern shores of this now well-known bay were searched for sixteen days, without success, for permanent fresh-water.

August 30, however, the pioneers made another venture in the whale-boat; the Yarra-Yarra River was explored for about seven miles, staked for sailing directions, and before night the schooner *Enterprise* was safely moored to overhanging trunks in a wide pool, into which the purest fresh-water came flowing from amongst the trees. The next day they landed, pitched their tents, and August being the proper season in Australia, began to form a garden, planting their fruit trees, sowing their flower seeds, and insuring future food by ploughing and sowing five acres of wheat—all done in less than a week!

Another party of adventurers from Van Diemen's Land had landed, under the guidance of John Batman, on the western shores of Port Phillip Bay, fully eighty miles by land from the Yarra-Yarra River settlement, with the intention of establishing cattle and sheep stations, but not to found a township. Hearing from the natives that white men were settling upon what Batman's party regarded as their property by right of purchase, a deputation was sent to the Yarra-Yarra River settlement to warn off the *Enterprise* party, but returned with a sharp rebuff.

It had happened that, when Batman's party first landed, there was among the aborigines who had come to look on, a tall, naked man of a brown color, who moved about and showed more curiosity than the rest of the tribe. So curious was this tall man that he came into Batman's camp, tried to speak intelligibly, and failing to make himself understood, as a last resource showed his bare arm, on which the astonished Englishmen saw tattooed the letters "W. B." Again the tall brown man endeavored to make himself understood, and failed, until he saw the camp cook holding a fresh loaf, and, pointing nervously to it, gasped out, "Bread!"

This unintelligible man was William Buckley, a runaway convict from the ultimately abandoned settlement of 1803, a naked savage in the wilds of Australia in 1835! Naturally, he was made welcome. He regained his English speech, and in a few days did good service as interpreter. When the deputation was sent to warn off the *Enterprise* party, Buckley acted as guide. No fighting took place. Self-preservation compelled all the whites to combine, as Buckley told them that the blacks had gathered with the intention of murdering the settlers and taking their stores.

This adventure had the effect of showing the few white men the folly of disunion. Batman built a house on a small hill about a quarter of a mile down-stream from the Fawkner settlement. From this time the township grew day by day. In 1836 these settlers and their straggling huts were placed under British rule, and Captain Lonsdale was sent from Sydney to take charge. Sir Richard Bourke, Governor of New South Wales, also sent surveyors from Sydney to lay out a township on the spot selected by Fawkner's party, and in 1837 paid it an official visit, naming the twenty-month-old settlement "Melbourne," after the then Prime Minister of England.

In November, 1850, this settlement, fifteen years old, in what had been officially abandoned as a desert, received its independence, was freed from the government of Sydney, New South Wales, gave itself up to rejoicing, and on the 1st of July, 1851, made its bow in Melbourne to the "Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria," the new name of the Port Phillip District.

It is entirely out of the question, with the limited space at command, to give here even an outline of the political and social history of Melbourne in the interval between the establishment of Victoria as a separate colony and the present time. Such an account would be the story of an ever-growing, ever-energetic, and ever-pugnacious population, gradually getting more and more its own way in spite of the influence of the mother country. The greatest of all the impulses to its prosperity came from the discovery of gold in 1851, but the invasion that followed this discovery threw upon the government a task to which in the nature of things it could not be wholly equal. The people had to assume for themselves the functions of government, and showed no disposition to abandon them when the emergency had passed. The naval martinet who was Governor-General at the time tried to deal with the lawless thousands as if they were but a handful of mutineers. When some of them were brought to trial in Melbourne for defying the constituted authorities, the jury acquitted and the crowd applauded the culprits. A new constitution was prepared in imitation of the British system. But the Lower House, representing numbers, soon grew too powerful for the Upper, representing property, and after collisions and dead-locks, the Upper gave way, and the people had their will. A "land question" and a state church question arose, and were decided in accordance with the wishes of the majority. There was a long and hard struggle over the question of protection, but this too was settled in defiance of the trading and the official classes, and protection to home industry became the policy of Victoria in 1866. The Chinese question was treated in very much the same spirit in which it had been dealt with in the United States. Education was made free, secular, and compulsory. The Upper Chamber itself was remodelled so as to represent people and not property. But throughout these and other agitating conflicts of the conservatives with the "fierce democratie," the prosperity of Melbourne continued and increased. Victoria is now a modern self-governing state, very loosely attached to the parent nation, and this political basis has been reached just as the first generation of native-born are becoming householders and heads of families, and when everything is prosperous, as is shown by the revenue to her treasury reaching £6,000,000 from a population of 950,000, with an indebtedness per head of £26 for money borrowed to construct public works.

Melbourne is favorably situated as regards its geographical position—37° 49′ 28″ south latitude, 144° 58′ 35″ east longitude—which gives it a good climate, and places it centrally as regards the important cities of Sydney, Adelaide, and Hobart, respectively the seats of government of the colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania. It thus becomes the meeting-place for visitors from the three neighboring colonies, and bids fair to become the Paris of the southern hemisphere for pleasure-seekers. It enjoys the products of the surrounding colonies, as their seasons vary from its own, and sends to them manufactured goods to an enormous extent. Whatever the cause, it is generally admitted that Melbourne men are to be distinguished from the residents of the neighboring colonies by greater energy and vivacity. Certainly elderly Melbourne men carry their years in a far more sprightly way than do the men of Sydney, Adelaide, or Hobart, and with a still more cheerful alacrity than do men of similar ages in English cities.

Half the population is now native-born. The present ministry points with pride to the large proportion of native-born men it contains. Melbourne working-men have enjoyed for thirty years the advantage of dividing the twenty-four hours by three, and apportioning them equally to work, recreation, and rest. Food is good, cheap, and varied. A really first-class practical education is not only provided, but imposed. Free libraries containing thousands of volumes are open throughout the week-days until ten o'clock at night. There is a university aiming to teach the higher branches of education. There are well-endowed colleges for the training of religious teachers to be supported without state aid, schools for drawing, subsidized by the state, and a school of painting established in connection with the National Gallery of Paintings by leading European masters.

In laying out Melbourne great judgment was shown in marking off large areas for parks and pleasure gardens. Those that were planted with European trees now form healthy lungs to a large city, and will certainly tend to continue that immunity from disease and epidemics which Melbourne has up to the present time enjoyed. It must be considered remarkable that it is impossible to find a pock-marked face amongst the native-born, or to hear a fear expressed, during the hottest days, of hydrophobia.

The main streets of Melbourne are ninety-nine feet wide, and run at right angles to each other. The roads are macadamized, a system of tramways being perfected, the foot-paths paved and all well lighted. The water supply is good and abundant, distributing itself by gravitation from mountains twenty miles away.

The general appearance of the country round Melbourne is undulating, pretty, useful rather than picturesque, and in its native state timbered with evergreen hard-wood trees. All European trees grow readily, and the fresh green of their deciduous foliage is shown to great advantage in contrast with the sombre hues of Australian eucalyptuses, known amongst the residents by the generic term "gums."

With such surroundings, with the purest of blue skies, bright sunshine, plentiful food, employment for short hours, and liberal pay, it is to be expected that the native-born will show characteristics somewhat different from those possessed by the parent stock. Greater activity leads the whole Melbourne community to seek open-air recreation. It is noticeable that the adults of both sexes are too restless to care much for indoors. In the evening, groups are seen walking and talking, the young men discussing athletic sports, and the young women also showing great interest in these pastimes. It is no uncommon occurrence for 10,000 people to pay for admittance to a cricket match, and 20,000 assemble to enjoy the sight of a game of foot-ball. Over horse-racing and boat races public excitement spreads until at times all work appears to be forgotten. One hundred thousand spectators last year looked on at the running for the "Melbourne Cup."

In all public amusements Melbourne stands pre-eminent in Australia. With all its readiness for amusements, however, the population must be considered as inclined to be saving, when over 80,000 persons deposit money in the government savings-banks in Melbourne, besides supporting a large number of building societies and other institutions devised for helping the native-born to occupy their own houses. All landed property has of late years greatly risen in price; recently £910 per foot was paid for frontages to one of the principal streets, being double the amount realized for the same land twelve years before.

Melbourne in 1885, with its population of over 300,000, is healthy, wealthy, and prosperous, ruled by a Governor, Sir Henry Loch, who is very popular, and there is no apparent prospect of any "burning question." A better time than this could hardly be desired to record the progress of the City of the Southern Hemisphere, at the close of its fiftieth year since the Fawkner party laid the foundation of what undoubtedly promises to become an important nation.

St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, 1885.

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

The ship was a wreck; but though the sea had swallowed all that she could, human life, at least, had been snatched from her grasp.

Paul and his men had worked well.

Of all the hands that had gone down with the foundering of the Spanish smack, not one life had been lost.

When Phœbe, awakened from her sleep beside the boy by the guns of the distressed ship, and unable to lie still in ignorance of the peril of those whom she loved, had made the best of her way down to the beach, in company with the wives of two of the other boatmen, she had found her husband and Foster knee-deep in the foaming surf, hanging on desperately to a rope which Paul had just shot out. They had all clung on to the ropes, she and the other women too, and—by good luck, Paul said; by courage and presence of mind, said others—the Spanish captain and all his crew were brought safely to land.

Phœbe was proud of her husband and Paul proud of his wife.

When all had been done that could be done, and the foreign sailors were bestowed in the cottages until the storm had abated and day had come, and they could be sent to the town to head-quarters, Paul had gone up home with his wife and had kissed her very tenderly.

He thought he had not kissed her as tenderly as might be on the previous evening, when he had parted from her in haste and excitement, and when she had thrown her arms about his neck.

But he kissed her very tenderly now, and kissed his boy too, as he lay there, still asleep in his peaceful innocence.

He was so happy that he had not noticed that Phœbe's lips had trembled as she kissed him, and that her eyes had kept wandering to the door, as though in search of some one who did not come.

If he had noticed he would have understood the matter at once, and would have assured his wife that their friend was quite safe, and was only busy executing orders that he had given him.

But he noticed nothing.

He had had but a few moments to spare at that hour, and he had used those to swallow a hasty glass of good warm stuff, and to run eagerly over the events of the night, giving plenty of praise wherever praise was due, but in no way scrupling to take to himself a fair share of the merit of having saved the lives of the Spanish crew.

He wished he could have saved the ship too, but nobody even suggested that that could ever have been possible.

Her pilot had been ignorant of the coast, and had run in at a wrong point, and in such a gale there had never been any hope.

There she lay on the rocks beneath the cliff, fast filling with water, all her precious cargo of wines and spirits scattered to the waves, her sails rent and her masts down, fallen from their gallant height.

It was a sad sight, and as Paul stood on the beach in the fitful afternoon sunshine of the day following the storm he could not but think, almost with a superstitious dread, of this terrible ocean beside which he had lived all his life, and yet whose moods he had not yet learned; of this treacherous immensity which could seem to smile so kindly when most it meant to punish, and held the lives and the fortunes of men so lightly in its vast grasp that what might appear to be the safest and fairest should turn and reveal within it the jaws of death itself.

He looked as sadly at it all as though he had been looking into a picture of life itself; but *that* would have been a frame of mind far removed from the ken of good, simple, open-hearted Paul Crew, and was not at all his train of thought at the moment.

He was merely wondering at this fickle face of Nature, and at the cruelty of it all. For who that had seen her as she was last night, in the blaze of her lightning and the fury of her waves and storm, could have believed that the sun would rise upon the marsh-land on the morrow as though nothing had happened to bring sorrow and disaster on the peaceful shore since last the golden glory bade it farewell, and kissed its brown shades with lingering rosy light?

The sea was still turbid and murky with sand that had been churned from its furthermost depths and sea-weed that floated upon its surface; the waves still broke upon the beach with a mighty curl of water and breaking of foam and dashing of spray and boiling of frothy surf, but the sky above was fair and bright, with only the great masses of white cloud that tell of a storm that has been, banked and grouped upon its surface to relieve the monotony of blue.

The land was a beautiful land on this moving, mellow, lingering summer's day; but though Nature shone again, radiant, the signs of the desolation that she had wrought in her anger were not wanting, and Paul, even if unconsciously to himself, felt the sense of unrest.

He could not have told why it was that he was unrestful.

Thinking of the sad fortunes of the Spanish captain, the remnants of whose valuable cargo were slowly floating ashore in the billows of the turbulent ocean, he could not but feel that he must be thankful for the blessings that were his, while sorrowful for the fate that was others'.

He *was* thankful, but he was anxious too, with a kind of unacknowledged, unexplained disquiet, which caused him to swear to himself that he would never again meddle in things that were outside of his ken.

He was afraid lest the storm might have damaged the hop garden, and he dared not leave his post to go and inquire. Ever since daybreak neither master nor men had ventured to take a moment's rest; for since the storm had begun to abate, and the rescued crew had been dispatched to shelter in the town, there had been work enough to do in patrolling the beach to guard the salvage stock—for one of the men had had to be dispatched to the town to give notice of the wreck to the officers of the customs.

All day long curious flasks and wicker-work bottles had kept floating ashore, which it required every attention to save from the pilfering of the fisher-folk from neighboring villages, who had collected with astonishing rapidity as soon as the rumor of a wreck got afloat, and were not slow in appropriating to themselves whatever they could lay their hands on when no vigilant eyes were looking.

With so many things to see to, it had been impossible for Paul to leave the shore; but though he had stood there, watching every stroller who came along, with a keen eye, and never took his attention quite away from the yellow sands upon which the murky waves were washing such strange booty amid their sea-weed and pebbles, there were thoughts in his mind which did not relate to the sea or the salvage.

He was wondering how much damage the storm had done to the hop harvest. He knew that it was not likely entirely to have ruined a crop that looked so well yesterday, but he was afraid that the rain and the wind must have beaten it all down, and he knew that the picking would be very difficult under such conditions, and that much must anyhow be lost. He felt sure of this, but he wanted to know how much was lost, and he wished he could spare time to go up and see. He would have sent some one up with a message to his friend, the farmer with whom he was in partnership, but he did not care to confess the matter to anybody, for very few of the neighbors knew of his little speculation, and he thought he would rather they should not know.

It was not usual for a coast-guard officer to meddle in agricultural matters; they rarely had even such little means as Paul had scraped together; so no one was likely to think of it. Should he send the wife up?

He almost thought he would, and then again he changed his mind.

If the news should not be good, he would rather tell her himself.

It was not a very terrible matter, for it could not possibly be a complete loss; but still he would rather tell her himself. So he waited, and watched the sea and the shore and the wrecked ship beyond the rocks.

The custom-house officers had not yet arrived to take possession of her, as they were bound to do, and it was Paul's duty to keep her in sight until that time, and to prevent any one from approaching her.

Thirty years ago there were still plenty of fishermen living along the coast who grew quite rich off the gains they made from the selling of goods they had stolen from wrecks to any dwellers in the neighborhood who would not be likely to inquire too particularly into the source whence they had been derived.

Paul had caught one of them himself not more than two nights ago, and he knew there were plenty more of the same sort prowling about now and seeking their opportunity.

It was now getting on toward afternoon. The wind was still fresh, but the sea was going down, and the gray sea-gulls that had been skimming its surface all the morning took wider circles, and swooped down for their food from higher flights above the waves.

Phœbe came out from the cottage and down the beach, leading the boy by the hand. The wind caught her skirts as she walked, and blew them about so as to display the form of the graceful figure within; it caught her brown curly hair too, and tossed it so that she vainly strove to keep it in order with her hand.

"Aren't you coming in to dinner, father?" asked she. "It's nearly three o'clock."

Paul turned round and went up toward her. He thought she looked very beautiful, standing there in the sunshine and the breeze. He thought it, but did not say it, because there were men standing about who might be within hearing. He did not even kiss her now, but he looked at her proudly and lovingly.

"I can't leave the shore till the lieutenant comes, sweetheart," said he. "I mustn't be off duty when my superiors come around, you know. But you go in and have your dinner with the little chap. I can wait."

"Johnnie has had his," answered Phœbe. "He was hungry. But if you must needs be down here, I'll fetch you something."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

Paul smiled, and Phœbe ran up to the house, leaving the child with his father.

"I want to go out and see the ship, father," began the boy at once. "Will you take me?"

"Well, I can't take you yet awhile, my boy," said Paul. "You must wait."

"I don't want to wait," he grumbled. "Can't I go with Jack?"

"Jack isn't here; he's gone to town on a job for me."

"He's back again, then," nodded the boy, sagaciously. "I saw him just now."

Phœbe came down the beach as the child spoke, carrying a plate, tied up in a handkerchief, and a mug in her other hand.

"Do you know if Jack is back again, mother?" asked Paul. "I sent him to town with the message. But if he were back he would surely come straight to me."

Phœbe was silent a moment. Then she said, as she undid the plate out of its wrapper, "He is home; he came to the cottage for you."

"Why, he might have known I'd be down here," answered Paul, "without going to the cottage first. Anyway, he might come now."

Paul turned and looked up the beach toward the cottage. He was vexed with Foster for not coming, for if he had come to relieve him he might perhaps have found time to run up to the village before the officers arrived. "I can't think what ails the lad of late," he began, half annoyed. "Or, rather, I *can* think, but I wonder it makes him forget his duty."

He stopped, for, looking down at the child, he saw that the big brown eyes were fixed upon him inquiringly.

"There! run away and play down on the sand, laddie," he said. "There are lots of nice things to find to-day. But give us a kiss first."

The boy leaped to his father's arms, and then, scrambling down again, was about to run off.

"What, not one for me?" said Phœbe, in her deep, tender tones; never quite so tender, never quite so yearning with love, as when she spoke to her child.

The boy ran back to her gleefully, and Paul smiled as he watched the mother take him up and press him to her heart in a kind of tumultuous way, as if the joy she had in him, and the might that she felt within her to protect and to cherish him, were greater than she could keep within bounds.

The child ran off to his play, and Paul turned to his wife.

"He's a rare boy, that one; isn't he, Phœbe?" he smiled. "There never was such another. God grant we may be able to do the best for him!" he added, with a half sigh.

He was thinking of his venture, and if it would turn out to be the best thing he could have done with the little nest-egg which he had laid by for his child.

"Yes, God grant it!" echoed Phœbe, almost below her breath, clasping her hands and looking out sadly over the sea.

Paul looked at her. He did not know that she had realized the affair of the hop garden enough for it to cause her any anxiety.

"Well, at all events, we can but do our best, dear," he said, tenderly.

And then, taking the mug of ale which she had been holding toward him, he said, in a different tone: "But do you know, wife, I've been wondering once or twice of late what it is that ails Jack Foster. He doesn't seem to me so bright as he used to be. I wonder if that love affair of his is going all straight? Has he told you about it?"

Phœbe turned away her head.

The boy was playing on the sand a hundred yards off, and he was venturing perilously near the waves.

"Take care, Johnnie—take care," she called.

Paul did not notice that she had not answered his question. He went on as if he had not put it.

"I have been wondering whether, maybe, Nan Drew isn't playing fast and loose with him, or, maybe, he playing with her, but that I could scarcely believe of Jack. I haven't had time to tell you yet, we've been so busy, but last night, as I came home from town, I passed them in the fir wood up yonder on the crest of the hill."

Phœbe made a dash toward the child. He had let a wave come right over his feet, and was wet through.

"Now, Johnnie, you mustn't do that again," she said, "or else I shall have to take you indoors."

Paul sauntered down after her, and continued, in a low voice.

"The girl was crying," said he; "I could hear her sobbing away softly, as if her heart would break. There must have been something amiss, and yet I can't believe the fault was his, for he was talking to her as gently and as lovingly as though he would give his life to save her from sorrow."

"No, I don't think it was his fault," murmured Phœbe, in a muffled voice.

"I joked him about it a bit last night," went on Paul, "but he didn't say much, and I didn't like to bother him. It seems more a woman's place than a man's to do that kind of thing. Supposing you were to talk to him, wife? You might be able to do some good. Think of it, will you?"

"Yes, I'll think of it," murmured Phœbe at last, in the same voice and after a long pause.

"I want him to settle the thing and have done. He won't be the man he was until he has, of that I'm quite sure. Fancy him lounging about all this time and not coming to report himself!"

Paul turned up the beach toward the cottage as he spoke.

"I'll just go and look after him," he said.

Scarcely more than five minutes passed before Paul came back again with Foster; but as he turned the corner of his cottage, where apparently he had found his comrade, he saw that Phœbe had thrown herself down on the shingle above the wet sands, and was clasping Johnnie to her breast and rocking herself to and fro as though in grievous pain or agitation.

He hastened toward her, leaving Foster a step or two behind.

She did not seem to have heard him coming, for she did not move at his approach, but still rocked herself to and fro, and sobbed with soft, moaning sobs that somehow brought vaguely to his mind something that he had heard a short time ago.

And as he came near he could hear her murmuring mournfully to the child whom she pressed to her heart, "Oh, Johnnie, what shall I do? Johnnie, my darling—my little darling, my only hope—what shall I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIAL YACHT RACES.

The three trial races under the direction of the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club, for the purpose of enabling the special committee of five on the *America's* cup to judge of the sailing qualities of the different yachts, and to select the fastest as the champion of the club in its proposed races with the British cutter *Genesta* for the possession of that most valued trophy, were sailed August 21, 22, and 24. The first race was over a course twenty statute miles to windward and return, in a fresh, whole-sail breeze; the second, in light airs, was over three sides of a triangle, each thirteen and one-third miles long, two legs with quartering wind, and one leg nearly dead to windward; the third was over the course of the New York Yacht Club, from off Bay Ridge, Long Island, down and around buoys No. 10 and No. 8½, thence out to the Sandy Hook Lightship, returning over the same course, and finishing at buoy No. 15, just below the Narrows. In this race the wind was moderate at the start, paltry during the crossing of the Lower Bay, a good sailing breeze to the light-ship and in again, and a fresh breeze at the finish. The wind varied in direction from west-southwest to southwest.

The yachts which started in these trials were the new iron centre-board sloop *Priscilla*, the Boston centre-board sloop *Puritan*, Mr. A. Rogers's cutter *Bedouin*, and Mr. Joseph Earle's centre-board sloop *Gracie*. The latter two had a private match of $250 a side on each race, as it was well understood from the first that neither of these boats had any chance of winning against the other pair. Their owners consented to start them in order to enable the committee to compare the speed of the new boats with theirs.

The tests were very satisfactory, the wind varying sufficiently in force during the trials to test the boats, and yet keeping sufficiently steady in direction during each contest to afford a fair indication of the true rate of speed. The *Puritan* won the first and third races, and the *Priscilla* the second. The *Gracie* beat the *Bedouin* in the second and third trials, and was beaten by the *Bedouin* in the first.

The result of the contests seems to be that for all-round work, that is, in all weathers, the *Puritan* is better than the *Priscilla*. Her victory in the first race was decided; she beat the *Priscilla* eleven minutes and twelve seconds. In the second, the victory of the iron sloop was largely due to an error in judgment on the part of the *Puritan's* people in breaking tacks with the *Priscilla*, and allowing her to go off alone and find a favoring slant of wind. The third race was sailed under circumstances of wind and weather most favorable to the *Priscilla*, yet she found it impossible to shake the white *Puritan* off, and the result showed the Boston sloop a winner by a very small margin. Since the trial races took place the selection of the *Puritan* as the American representative has been made.

The contests have not attracted as many spectators as might have been anticipated in view of the wide-spread interest taken in the result all over the country, and more particularly in New England. Only one Eastern yacht, the *Fortuna*, was present. General Butler, the present owner of the *America*, the original winner of the cup, barely made his appearance with her on the day appointed for the first trial, when, in consequence of calm, no trial was had, and then sent his boat away to the eastward. On this first day one of the Iron Steamboat Company's boats was crowded, but the disappointment was so keen on this day that but few patronized the boat on the second day, and on the third she was withdrawn.

Of the three contests, the first was by far the most interesting and the most valuable as an indication to the committee which yacht they should select. The wind was south, and the yachts started with working topsails set. The *Puritan's* skipper miscalculated the time a trifle, and made a poor start. There were only two minutes of grace allowed after the starting signal, and there was no time to correct errors. The mark boat lay to the eastward of the *Scotland* Light-ship, with her head to the northward, the line being between her and the ship. The *Puritan* had reached across the bow of the mark boat, going with wind abeam and starboard sheets flattened, and when nearly over to a line north from the ship, the signal was given. She hauled to at once, but could not weather the light-ship, and so had to tack, and was upon the line on starboard tack before she could gather much way, her time and that of the *Priscilla* being taken together, although the latter was in position to reach directly across her bow on the port tack. The *Gracie* also weathered her. From the time, therefore, at the finish may be deducted at least a minute lost here at the start.

All four yachts went over with topsails set, the wind just strong enough to ridge the ocean with white-caps, and freshening, with breezy appearances all around the horizon. The tide was setting to the northward, and the *Gracie*, with Captain "Joe" Ellsworth at the wheel, led the *Bedouin* in-shore, where the tide was slackest. Had the *Priscilla* dared to permit the *Puritan* to go hunting for a slant of wind, and followed the *Bedouin* and *Gracie* in-shore, she would not have been so badly beaten at the end, for that this was the best tack was proven by the fact that when the *Bedouin* came off-shore, at the end of the reach, she was not far behind the *Puritan*, and was ahead of the *Priscilla*.

The *Priscilla's* great loss was in this first long reach on port tack. Possibly, in trying to make her point as high as the Boston boat, her commander pinned her sheets down too close, and deadened her way. Certain it is that the *Puritan* dropped her from the weather quarter to leeward of the wake, and outsailed her as well. The *Bedouin* coming off on starboard tack, with right of way, forced her about, and completed her discomfiture. For full ten minutes she was anchored practically under the *Bedouin's* lee quarter, getting all the back draught from her sails, and then Mr. Rogers politely tacked, and let the big sloop out of her trouble. After this, although the *Priscilla* gained, the gain was not much. The freshening breeze and increasing sea had called all hands to house topmasts, although they still lugged whole mainsails. The *Puritan*, however, carried her topsail for some time after the *Priscilla* had taken hers in, and it is this interval that Mr. Burns has selected as the moment of his illustration. Now the *Priscilla*, getting down to her work, appeared to hold the *Puritan* very well. In fact, she does better when away from her. When close to her, and trying to equal her in weatherly quality, the *Priscilla* comes to supreme grief. The Boston boat is a marvel in this respect; she probably works in seven points, and the *Priscilla* must have eight. The *Bedouin* "made a show" of the *Gracie* at this weather work in the constantly increasing wind and sea. The *Gracie* never did and never will like such conditions; there was never an intention of subjecting her to such when she was built. In the run in the *Priscilla* outran the *Puritan* 2 minutes 29 seconds. To windward the *Puritan* beat the *Priscilla* 12 minutes 37 seconds.

In the second race the *Priscilla* beat the *Puritan* on the first leg 1 minute 13 seconds, running with light air on starboard quarter. The Boston boat had all that score wiped out and was making one for herself in less than an hour after she hauled up on a wind. The wind was exceeding paltry, and so it happened that after the *Puritan* had obtained a weatherly lead of a half-mile the two yachts were reaching in on port tack, and the *Puritan*, thinking she saw wind coming from southeast, tacked and went to have the first share of it. The *Priscilla* went on eight minutes, got a slant from the westward, tacked, and reached for the mark, and got it 1 minute 49 seconds ahead of her miscalculating rival. To that she added 3 minutes 57 seconds on the run home.

Race No. 3 was a tie, if ever there was one. No two boats ever sailed more evenly, and at the close the snow-white Bostonian was 41 seconds to the good. To that the *Priscilla* was obliged to add 1 minute 11 seconds for allowance of time.

Both boats are good—a full half-hour better than anything ever seen here over a forty-mile course. Had the *Puritan* not been built, the *Priscilla* would have been considered a wonder. She is the typical American centre-board sloop; not as flat and shallow or as flaring forward as the *Gracie* or the *Fanny*, but just such a boat as the *Mischief*, of which she is an enlarged copy. The *Puritan* is different from anything ever turned out in either this country or Great Britain, and has the sharp bottom of the cutter with the beam of the skimming dish. She completely upsets the hitherto accepted theory that "you can't have beam and depth also; if you want speed, you must have the narrow cutter or the beamy skimming dish." The *Puritan* shows that all this is arrant nonsense, and is without doubt the model of the immediate future.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A newspaper paragraph makes a Philadelphian in New York express surprise because the people he met in the street did not show curiosity by looking around at or even more casually inspecting one another as they passed by. There are reasons for believing that the writer of the paragraph drew upon his imagination for his facts. First, a Philadelphian would never permit himself to express surprise at anything he saw in New York; secondly, anybody who has ever seen a horse fall down in this city has also then seen curbings lined with New-Yorkers who betrayed the most patient and indomitable curiosity; thirdly, ladies in New York, as elsewhere in the world, very generally look around at one another, and quite frequently ladies are curiously observed by those of the opposite sex; and fourthly, those persons in New York who betray no curiosity at all are either very fashionable people who have carefully trained themselves to a stolid demeanor and a vacuous expression, or else they are Italian rag-pickers or Chinese laundrymen, who offer the most perfect models of deportment of this sort.

People in the neighborhood of Quogue, Long Island, were treated one night last week to a spectacle that is said to be extremely rare. The full moon stood over the sea in a clear expanse of sky, and illuminating a heavy rain-storm that was passing to the northward, brought out a most distinct rainbow at nine o'clock at night. At first glance the bow seemed to show the prismatic tints, but under steady gazing it was colorless, or at least only a luminous soft gray. The couplet, "Rainbow at night, sailors' delight," doubtless does not refer to a rainbow after sundown; but a rainbow by moonlight certainly is a spectacle to delight anybody. It is rare, because it does not often rain heavily opposite an unclouded full moon, which is the only moon powerful enough, it is said, to bring a rainbow out.

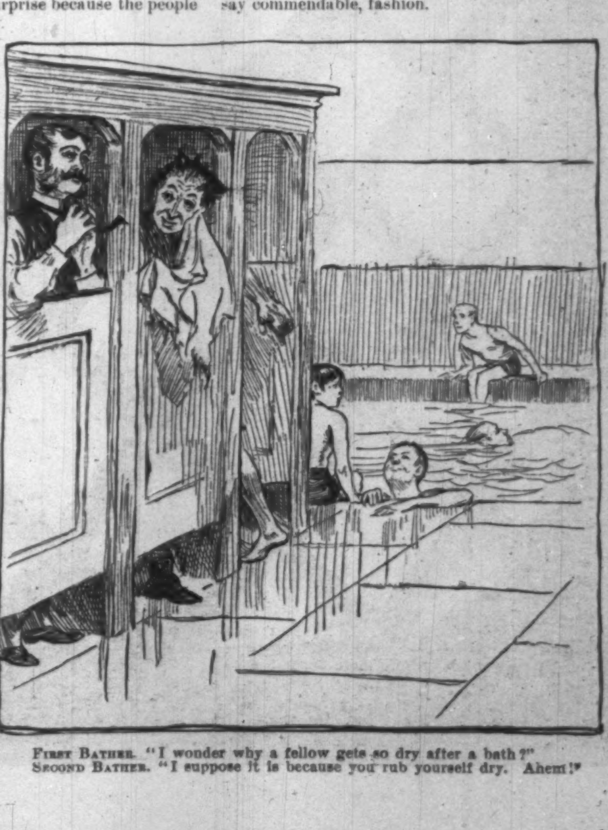
In Berlin they make up carbonic acid gas in little solid cylinders which may be carried around in the coat pocket. A cylinder one and a half inches in diameter and two inches long requires five hours to melt away when released from confinement. The uses to which the cylinders are put are not stated, but there seems to be no reason why anybody could not carry one, and, by stirring with it for a moment a glass of Croton or a glass of flat beer, make soda-water of the one and set the other in a lively foam.

Richard and Elizabeth Wortley, of Sheepshed, Leicestershire, England, recently celebrated their diamond wedding. "The registry of the marriage in the parish church," says *Galignani's Messenger*, "is dated in July, 1815, or when the news of the battle of Waterloo was still ringing through the country."

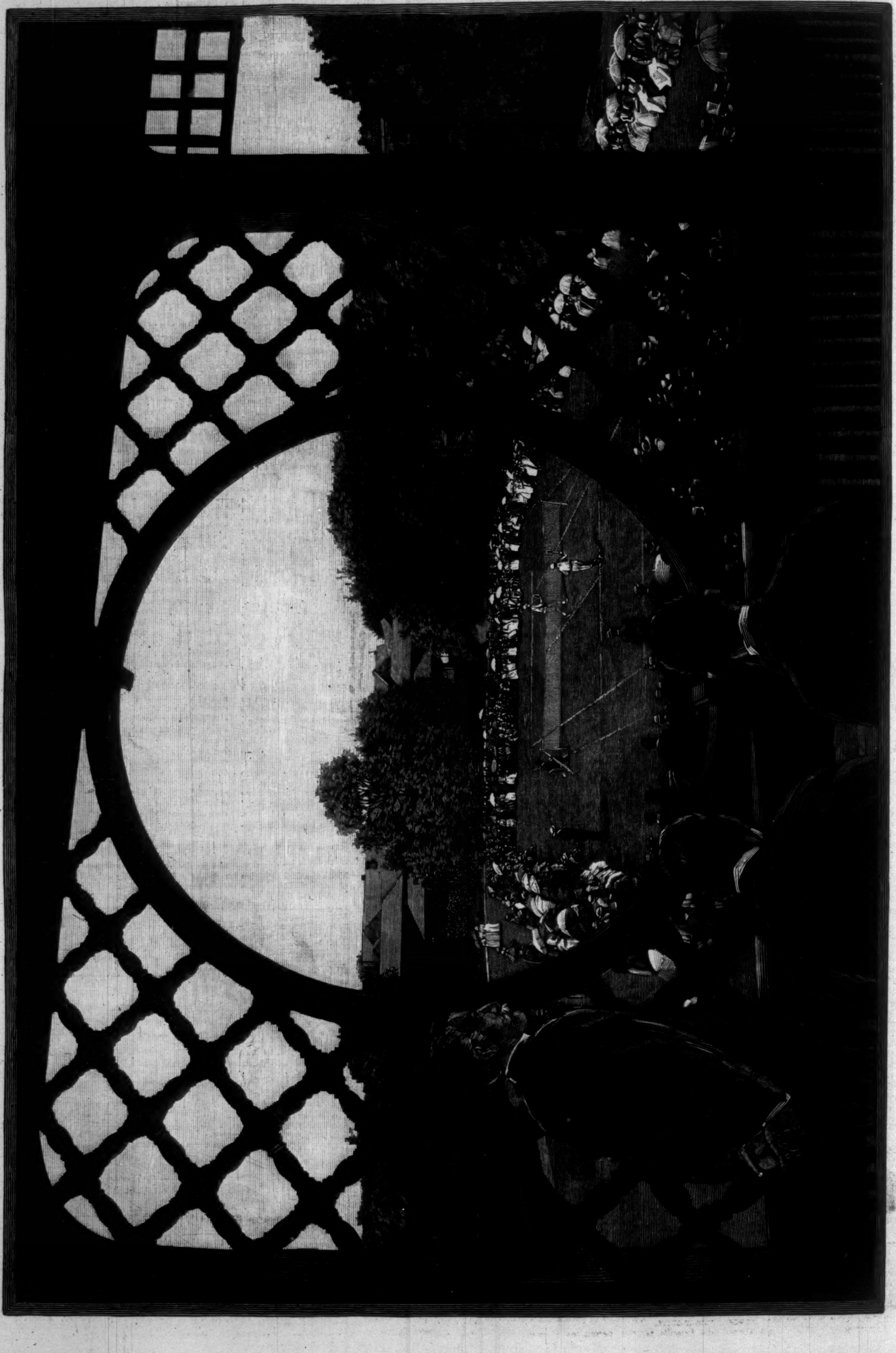
A report says that a horse in Brooklyn would rather listen to music than eat. The report is founded on the fact that whenever a street band is playing in front of the stable where the horse is kept, the horse will not touch the oats in his trough. The inference may not be accurate. It does not follow necessarily that a horse likes music because he does not eat his oats while the music is playing. It may be that he wishes the music would go along so that he will be able to eat. It is well known that there are certain kinds of music which will destroy the appetite of a horse.

Christien Svinsden, a native of Stockholm, recently made a voyage alone from Stockholm to London in a boat eighteen feet long and four feet wide. He was capsized once in the German Ocean, but here for once the small size of his craft was of advantage to him, and he was enabled easily to right her. Running short of provisions, he got a fresh supply from a steam-ship bound for Hamburg. Captain Svinsden was the better part of two weeks in making his journey.

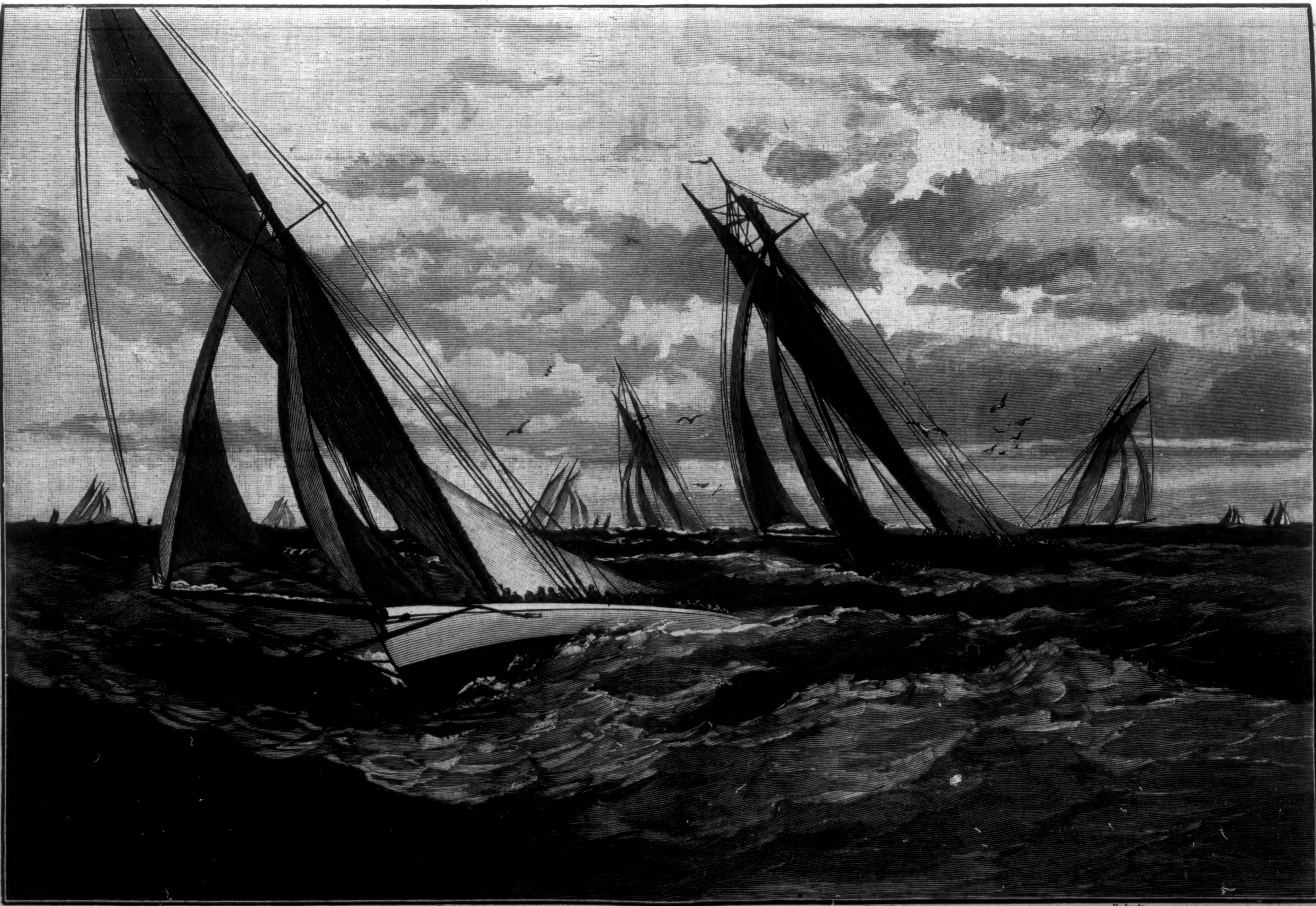
Indian children, it is now known, feel homesickness as keenly as other children do, but it operates upon them in a different way. Homesick children generally cry and mope until either their guardians weaken and restore them to the desired roof-tree or the children grow tired of crying and moping. Recently three Sioux boys became homesick in a school to which they had been sent in Indiana. They did not cry or mope; they simply dropped from a window at night and started for the Northwest. Notices were sent out stating that the boys were incapable of taking care of themselves, and offering a reward for their apprehension; but nothing has been heard of the boys, as certainly would have been the case had any serious misfortune befallen them, and by all indications the runaways will reach the Northwest in due time, thereby working a cure for homesickness in a truly aboriginal and unusual, not to say commendable, fashion.



First Bather. "I wonder why a fellow gets so dry after a bath?"
Second Bather. "I suppose it is because you rub yourself dry. Ahem!"



LAWN TENNIS AT NEWPORT—THE TOURNAMENT, FROM THE UPPER BALCONY OF THE CASINO.—Photographed by Alman, Newport.—[See Page 587.]


Puritan.
Priscilla.
Bedouin.

THE TRIAL YACHT RACES—TO WINDWARD IN A FRESH BREEZE.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 583.]

TWO FALLS.

It was a hot afternoon in September, and the piazzas of the Grand Hotel at Vevay, on Lake Geneva, were entirely deserted. The garden in front of the hotel was likewise deserted, and lay basking in the glare of the afternoon sun; the grape-vines drooped beneath the weight of their luscious purple and yellow fruit, as if overpowered by the heat; and Leman was like a mirror—not a ripple disturbed its blue surface. Everything seemed asleep.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the splash of oars, and at a short distance from the shore a small row-boat came in sight. The long straight stroke of oars in powerful hands sent the little thing forward with pleasant and even pace. At times it loitered, while the rower let his sculls lie at rest, and gazed in peaceful indolence up and down the lake; while at other times he brought it onward, gently and easily through the hot September day, along the vine-hung banks. Every now and then he glanced up at the hotel, just visible through the trees.

"So this is Vevay!" he said to himself, as with a few more steady strokes he pulled his boat up under the shade of some trees which overhung the water's edge at the foot of the garden. And resting his arms on the oars, he gave himself up to

> "Calm contemplation and poetic ease."

As he sat there, with the sun breaking through the foliage above him, the birds singing in the trees, the fragrance of the vine breathing everywhere, he looked the personification of enjoyment—the enjoyment of a sunny nature in an idle moment, or rather the enjoyment of a man who looks at nature with the soul of a poet and artist. He was a man of about five or six and twenty, with dark, dreamy eyes, and a firm yet flexible mouth. His complexion was so bronzed by the sun, and his hair and eyes so dark, he might easily have been mistaken for a native of southern Spain or Italy, though he was an Englishman by birth. His thick, wavy hair was brushed carelessly back from a broad, intellectual forehead, and his tall, well-knit figure, which recently showed such strength and activity, was now relaxed into a posture of repose.

"Everything seems asleep," he at length murmured, as he pulled his hat—a somewhat dilapidated straw one—over his eyes, and gazed up at the hotel, which stood at a short distance from the lake. "I wonder where everybody is? The place in itself is lovely—sky, mountains, water, trees, perfect; but it wants life; it's too dead. Life, life," and he sighed impatiently.

At that instant, as if in answer to his sigh, a gay voice sounded through the air, singing a snatch of some barcarolle, and a light shadow darkened the sunny lawn in front of the hotel; a moment more and a young girl, followed by a huge shaggy dog, came tripping lightly along over the grass through the garden. She was dressed in white, with a bunch of wild flowers at her belt, and she came merrily down through the garden swinging a straw hat in one hand, and ever and anon glancing back at her shaggy companion, who followed somewhat majestically in her rear. Arriving at the little pier at the foot of the sloping garden, where boats were usually moored ready and in waiting, she halted and stood looking eagerly up and down the lake. She made a striking picture standing there against a background of green trees, with the sunshine resting like a halo around her head and lighting up her radiant face. "*She* evidently is not asleep," thought the young artist, as with his elbows on his knees and his hat drawn over his eyes he regarded her with interest. Suddenly she turned away with a gesture of disappointment, and began slowly to retrace her steps toward the hotel. Then, as if impelled to look once more up and down the lake to make sure no boat had escaped her notice, she again halted. As she did so her glance fell on the young man who had just arrived, and who was now leaning indolently back in his boat, apparently asleep. For a moment or so she stood there gazing at him.

"Now I wonder if she takes me for a boatman?" meditated he, as her gaze seemed to rivet on his blue flannel shirt and old straw hat.

"Now I wonder if that man is only asleep, or whether he is drunk?" meditated she. "I think I'll run the risk and find out. I've nothing else to do." With this virtuous resolve she advanced a few steps, and putting her hand up to her mouth, shouted, in French, "Are you asleep?"

"No," roared the young man, suddenly assuming a bolt-upright position in the boat.

"I want to go for a row," said the girl, advancing a few steps nearer.

"She evidently does take me for a boatman," he muttered, with momentary resentment; and he was about to reply she might go for a dozen for all he cared, when something about the face of the girl, with its brilliant tint, its careless happiness, its youth and health, appealed irresistibly to his artistic feelings; and forgetting his momentary pique at being taken for a boatman, and rather amused than otherwise at the situation, he stepped out on shore, and simply said, "A votre service, mademoiselle."

With a light bound the girl sprang into the boat, utterly ignoring the proffered assistance of the boatman.

"You may help my dog in," she remarked, graciously, after she had seated herself comfortably in the stern.

"Your dog is too large for the boat," he answered, stiffly, casting an indignant glance at the dog, who stood waiting on shore for orders from his young mistress.

"No matter: I want him here," she returned, in a voice which betokened no small amount of defiance in her nature. "I always take him out rowing with me."

"But not in this boat," rejoined her companion, still more stiffly, looking first at the young girl reclining comfortably on the cushioned seat of the boat, and then at the dog standing patiently on shore.

"Perhaps not in this boat," she answered, a trifle haughtily; "but one boat is as good as another. Come, Bernardo," she added, stretching out her hand toward the dog, "jump!"

"But, mademoiselle, you will upset the boat," exclaimed the young man, with a look of anger in his eyes, as Bernardo, only too happy to obey his mistress, jumped in.

She tossed her golden brown head backward with magnificent self-confidence. "I can swim," she returned, coolly; "I can also row; and if you are afraid of being upset, you had better stay on shore," and with a reckless little laugh she was about to seize the oars, when he stepped silently into the boat and took them from her. There was an expression of both anger and amusement on his face as he did so. He felt extremely interested in this gay, reckless, pretty young creature, and he wondered who she was.

"Though she speaks French fluently," he thought to himself, "she is an American, I know. What a lovely picture she makes sitting there in the stern of the boat! Hers is just the head I have been looking for for my 'Hero.'" He was gazing at her with all his artist's soul in his great dark eyes, entirely oblivious of the fact he was acting the part of a boatman, when the subject of his thoughts with a sudden impulse leaned forward and said, imperiously, "Row faster; I like a breeze."

All the artist's ideas vanished, and the man's nature rebelled. The day, as I before remarked, was warm.

"It's not safe to row faster," he returned, calmly, idly dipping the oars in the water.

"Then give me the oars," she cried, jumping up as she spoke.

The little boat tipped with this sudden movement.

"Sit down!" exclaimed he. The girl remained standing.

"Sit down!" he repeated. "I command you."

"*You* command me!"

In that moment, as she faced him in the sunlight, the chief expression on her face was arrogant pride that defied all dictation and authority.

"Yes—I."

His eyes met hers with a look in them that compelled and awed her. Without another word she sat down. Then, as if ashamed of her obedience, she again rose to her feet. Bernardo, who had been furtively watching his young mistress from out the corners of his eyes, now thought it time for him to interfere, and springing up suddenly, he threw the small boat on its side. Losing his balance in this operation, he made two or three ineffectual attempts to regain it, and then plunged desperately overboard, thereby capsizing the little shell, and precipitating its occupants into the water. Fortunately they had only gone a few yards from the shore, and the water was shallow, and in a very few minutes they stood, dripping but safe, on terra firma.

"I am much obliged for my bath," said the artist, trying to dry his face with his wet pocket-handkerchief.

"I—I am sorry," faltered the girl, looking a trifle subdued as she stood before him in her dripping garments.

"Oh, never mind," he returned, good-naturedly; "it won't do me any hurt. But I hope *you* won't take cold."

His voice had a strong tinge of interest in it, which she immediately resented.

"I hope not," she answered, coldly, without even looking at him. "I have lost my pocket-book," she added, as she searched in her pocket for the missing article, "but if you will come up to the hotel this evening I will see that you are paid. Inquire for Mrs. Leynard." And with a very slight inclination of her dripping little head, she, with Bernardo, disappeared among the trees leading up to the hotel.

That evening the hotel which in the afternoon had presented such a deserted appearance was one blaze of light and animation. Lights shone everywhere all over the house, and strains of music sounded through the open windows. There was a hop at the hotel, the last one of the season, and everybody was present. Apart from the crowd, but watching it, sat two ladies. One a woman of perhaps forty-two or forty-three, with a delicate, refined face, and dressed in light mourning. The other was a young girl with golden brown hair and a somewhat mutinous expression, who beat time to the music with her fan on the arm of her chair.

"Why may I not dance just once?" pleaded the girl. "I don't see any harm in it."

"Probably not," replied her mother, quietly, "but I do. I don't intend to have my daughter whisking about a hotel ball-room with Tom, Dick, and Harry. You know, Nina," she added, a trifle reproachfully, "I only consented to come in here with you on condition that you would not dance."

"Why, how is this, Miss Nina, not dancing?" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who had just approached them. "That reminds me," he added, looking toward Mrs. Leynard, "that I have a request to make: may I present to you a friend of mine?"

"Certainly, Mr. Gandern; any friend of yours I should be happy to meet," answered Mrs. Leynard, politely.

"He is a most remarkable fellow," pursued Mr. Gandern; "he is a poet, artist, philanthropist; but I'll bring him up and let him speak for himself," and off he darted in search of his friend.

"I hate philanthropists," said Miss Leynard, as she turned toward her mother with a grieved little air. "They are always so bland and self-satisfied. I wish Mr. Gandern would keep his old philanthropists to himself."

"Mrs. Leynard—my friend Mr. Montred. Miss Nina Leynard—Mr. Montred." Mrs. Leynard returned Mr. Montred's salutation with a polite air of indifference. But not so her daughter. Her glance was one of surprise and embarrassment as she recognized in the new-comer none other than the boatman who had only a few hours before pulled her out of the lake. What must he think of her! The quick color rushed to her cheeks as she thought of the way she had spoken to him. Mr. Montred could not help a covert smile of amusement as he saw her confusion. But her confusion only lasted an instant, and she was herself again. Giving him a swift glance from under her long dark lashes, she said, demurely:

"I am glad to see you are so prompt, Mr. Montred. How much is it I owe you?"

"Nina! Nina!" exclaimed her mother, in a shocked voice.

"This is the gentleman to whom I am indebted for pulling me out of the water this afternoon."

"But I thought you told me he was a boatman," returned her mother, with a puzzled look.

"I was a boatman for the time being, Mrs. Leynard," remarked Mr. Montred, with a smile at Nina, whose face had again become very red. "I have been Bohemianizing this summer, and to-day I rowed over from Clarens, expecting to fish on my way; consequently my costume was a mixture of fisherman and Bohemian. It was not strange your daughter mistook me for a boatman. My only wonder is that she trusted me at all."

"I don't think I should have if I had known you would upset me," answered the girl, nonchalantly.

"Was it I who upset the boat?" said Mr. Montred, quietly.

Six weeks had passed. In a summer-house down by the lake, which lay half in shadow, half in light, as the sun went down, sat Paul Montred. His thoughts were very busy. Before his mental sight there hovered the graceful image of a young girl coming gayly down the garden path, singing away to herself from sheer light-heartedness; of a girl's slender form leaning over the side of a boat and dipping her arms down into the water, and laughing as the boat tipped over on its side; of a thoughtful face with the soft, dreaming gaze of a woman, listening as he read to her—such a lovely, innocent, willful face!

"Yes," he said, slowly, to himself, as image after image arose so vividly before him, "I must leave Vevay." And a curious, indefinable pain came over him at his resolve, and his face grew very grave, and lost its bold, frank brightness.

The sun set; the glow faded off the water; the dreamy hum of night insects was the only sound on the air; the dews fell thick on grass and leaf and vine. He never stirred; he never took his gaze from off the silent lake. His resolution was made; he would leave Vevay early in the morning.

A step sounded on the gravel near him. He started, and slowly arose. In the full lustrous moonlight that now streamed over land and water he saw the one of whom he was thinking. She did not see him, but passed quickly down to the stone parapet at the foot of the garden, and stood gazing out on the moon-lit lake.

His pulses throbbed and his heart beat loudly as he saw her. Should he return to the hotel unseen, or should he speak to her? "Return to the hotel," said the voice of reason.

He glanced at the hotel, and then he glanced at the girlish figure leaning against the stone parapet. Love conquered. The girl's face had grown too dear to him during the past six weeks for him of his own act never to look upon it again. He left the summer-house and walked down to the other end of the garden. As he approached her his heart throbbed violently with the passion that had grown silently up and ripened into such a sudden force. How *could* he give her up?

Right or wrong, true to his faith or not, how could he so tame down his inborn nature as to wish to leave her? He stood and looked at her. Never had she appeared so irresistibly lovely as she did then, standing there in the moonlight. As he looked at her he thought he saw it needed only a word or two from him to waken her to the consciousness of what she really felt for him. It was a sore temptation, and every instant it grew greater; but he drew his breath hard and drove it back.

For what right had he to win her love? No; he loved her too dearly to have her suffer the pain of an attachment that would infallibly end in unhappiness—unhappiness to them both. But it was with infinite difficulty that he controlled himself and came before her with the easy negligence of his habitual manner.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, quietly, in answer to her startled inquiry of where had he sprung from.

"Good-by?" she repeated, with astonishment. "Why, where are you going this time of night—out for a moonlight row?"

"I leave for London early in the morning," he answered, abruptly.

"How long will you be away?" she inquired, with an air of indifference, as she fastened more tightly under her chin the lace scarf she had thrown over her head.

"How long? Forever!" he exclaimed, savagely.

"Dear me! is not that rather a long time?" she asked, with a little laugh.

The young man turned away with a somewhat strong expression. "Fool! fool!" he said to himself, "to imagine this girl cares for you; she is only a coquette."

"Mamma will be sorry not to see you again," said the girl, after a long interval of silence. "She has enjoyed your sketches so much!"

"Hum!" muttered the young man, pulling his mustache with rather a moody air.

"I will be sorry too," she went on, lightly; "I won't have anybody to row me out on the lake, or to read pretty poetry to me, or to paint my picture, or—to tease."

"You have no more feeling than a stone," he exclaimed, angrily.

The expression on the girl's face changed. She looked at him with a startled, doubting look some moments ere she answered. Then she said, with a strange softness in her voice, "Do you want me to miss you?"

"You know I do," he returned, eagerly, seizing hold of one of the little hands resting on the vine-covered wall, against which she was leaning. "You know—"

"I must go in now," she interrupted, hastily drawing away her hand. "Mamma has had one of her bad headaches all day, and I have been with her. I only came out to get a breath of fresh air;" and she turned toward the hotel.

As he saw her slowly moving off—this exquisite, wayward, changeful girl, whose moods varied like the sun and shade of a spring day—fear and doubt, suspicion and wisdom, all faded away in him as though they had never been; he only remembered that she was slowly moving away from him forever.

"Nina—Miss Leynard—don't go. I want to say something to you," he said, hurriedly. She paused. There was a sound in his voice that she had never heard, and a look on his face that she had never seen, as the white moonlight fell on him where he stood by the edge of the lake. "Nina, you must hear from me to-night what I had resolved to never tell you. I love you—love you with my whole heart and soul. But it is folly, madness in me to do so. You are a Protestant, I a Catholic—" He stopped suddenly, and asked, in an abrupt voice, "Would you marry a man if he were very poor?"

"If I loved him," she replied, in a low, firm voice.

"Supposing I should tell you I was poor, would you marry me?"

"But you are not poor," she answered, evasively.

"No, I am not now, but I will be if I marry the one I love."

"I don't understand you," she said, with a puzzled look.

"I will explain myself. When my grandfather died he left me a large fortune. He was a fanatic on the subject of religion. He was a strong Catholic—many people called him bigoted—and he hated the Protestants, who, he said, had been the cause of much trouble to his family. He never forgave my father, his only son, who married a Protestant, and disinherited him. Upon my father's death, which took place shortly after my mother's, he made me his heir, with one condition—that if ever I married a Protestant the money should go to a Roman Catholic institution. Consequently, if I were to marry a Protestant, I forfeit every farthing I possess, and remain a beggar. Yes, a beggar," he exclaimed, bitterly. "A fine position to ask you to accept, that of a beggar's wife!"

"And you love me well enough to give up all your wealth for my sake?" she asked, softly, while a proud light shone over all her face.

"Love you?" he echoed, taking her little hand in his, and gently raising it to his lips. "Yes, I love you. I would give up everything for you."

"Even your ambition to be a great painter?"

A look of pain came into his eyes, and he remained silent.

"You told me once," she went on, in a slow, monotonous voice, "that although you never cared for wealth, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, yet, as a means whereby you could study art in different countries, you were glad you were rich."

"But," he interrupted, eagerly, "if I had you to work for I would work twice as hard."

She shook her head sadly.

"You don't love me," he cried; "and why should you?—you who have been brought up so luxuriously—you to marry a beggar!" His voice died away, and throwing himself down on a rustic bench beneath the wall, he buried his face in his hands.

She stood beside him, love and compassion on her face. The moon was hidden; she saw nothing now but the bowed head of the young artist. She seemed to have grown years older in the last few minutes. It was *she* who reasoned, and *he* who acted on impulse. They had changed places.

On her ear there seemed to steal a voice from the darkness, saying: "He wants to be famous. Why stand between him and fame? *With* you he will have to struggle with poverty. *Without* you he will have money to pursue his studies in art."

Her head drooped. She leaned against the wall, breathing hard and fast. She loved him. Could she let him go? "He wants to be a great artist, and if he once conquers fame, that fame will be one to last as long as the earth lasts," continued the voice. "If he marries you, he will be galled by poverty, become imbittered, disappointed, and powerless to escape."

"He shall be free," she murmured. "Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves."

Her head drooped still lower on her breast; her face was pale; an infinite yearning and resignation stole into her eyes, which a moment earlier had been so full of happiness.

"Why don't you answer me?" he asked, suddenly looking up. She roused herself slowly from her reverie, and gazed at him with a smile he could not understand—it was so sad, so far away.

"I can not marry you," she said, in a low voice.

The words were barely audible, but he heard them. Springing to his feet, he stood before her. His face was pale and full of scorn. For some moments there was silence between them.

"No," he said at last, with fierce passion, "you can not marry me. Why? Because you would marry a poor man. Love nowadays is an article which is sold to him who bids the highest. You are wise, Miss Leynard."

Out of the bitter passion of his soul, words more cruel than he was conscious of rose to his lips. She grew very white, and a tremulous pain passed over her face.

"You do me wrong," she murmured.

He turned on her almost savagely. "Wrong! You do yourself wrong. Where there ought to be gold, I have found only dross."

Then, before she could speak, he had plunged into the depths of the trees, and was lost in their evening shadows, and she was left alone.

Silent and pale she leaned on the vine-covered wall. She did not weep, she did not stir. She only gazed across the lake, at the distant mountain range, with an infinitely sad and longing expression upon her face, while the soft night wind seemed to whisper: "Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves."

A year had passed. It was again September, at the close of an unusually brilliant season at Newport.

A myriad of lights glittered from the windows of a large, picturesque-looking gray stone house on the cliffs, facing the ocean. Lanterns of every hue glowed and beamed from the branches of the trees surrounding the house, and the roll of carriages sounded ceaselessly through the darkness of the avenue beyond.

In the house there were crowds of gay idlers, talking and laughing all together, and all at the same time. There were lights and music everywhere, even down to the very edge of the cliffs, where, ever and anon, there broke the snatch of a song, or there glistened in a break of moonlight the hues of a woman's robes. It was a grand *fête champêtre* by moonlight, and there were crowds of guests, of equipages, of men and women sauntering to and fro under the blue starry skies on that balmy September night.

Above, in a crimson-cushioned balcony filled with flowers and hung with Chinese lanterns, sat a young girl. With her arms resting on the crimson cushions, she gazed dreamily out on the ocean, whose low, scarcely heeded sound broke along the shore and against the cliffs.

So intent were her thoughts with the past that she heeded not the gay and motley crowd below. She saw a place called Vevay, fair and warm with its clustering grapes, and sylvan walks, and half Italian skies; a blue lake glancing in the sun; a young girl idling away her time in a boat under the shade of trees, listening to the words of a handsome, sunburned man, half poet, half artist.

She saw a moon-lit garden by the lake, and two young people saying farewell. She saw these things—pictures of a year ago—where she sat in the crimson-cushioned balcony, with the music of an overture floating dreamily up to her from the garden.

During the past year she had heard of Paul Montred only through the newspapers. These spoke in high praise of a painting by him that had just taken London by storm—a painting of "Hero and Leander." They praised the vigor of his style and the richness and delicacy of his coloring, and prophesied a brilliant future for a genius so original and so bold.

She wondered if, in the midst of his success, he had remembered her. "He certainly will never know how hard it was for me to give him up," she repeated to herself, with a bitter pang.

So far away were her thoughts from the present scene that it was with a startled look in her eyes she turned as some one approached her through the open window.

"Good-evening, Miss Leynard," said a man's voice. "Am I rash in supposing I have been remembered?"

She looked up, and the blood crimsoned her face as she recognized in the fitful glow of the lanterns Paul Montred.

"Good-evening, Mr. Montred," she returned, giving him her hand. Her thoughts had been so full of him at this moment that somehow she did not feel much surprised at his appearance.

Without a word more spoken he sat down beside her. Then they talked on indifferent subjects, as if neither remembered their last interview—as if their farewell at Vevay was not in both their minds. They talked as any two acquaintances might have talked: about the weather, the brilliant scene before them, and next, the health of each.

Gradually they grew silent. A long pause ensued. It was broken by Miss Leynard asking in a most matter-of-fact voice if he intended to remain long in America, and his answering in an equally matter-of-fact voice that he really did not know. Another pause.

"It is a most interesting country," she observed presently, beating her fan a trifle restlessly on the railing of the balcony. "I think you will like it. How long have you been here?"

"I arrived yesterday in the *Bothnia*, and I met the son of our good hostess in the city, who was a classmate of mine at Oxford, and he prevailed upon me to accompany him to his mother's *fête champêtre* to-night. We left New York in the one-o'clock express, and *me voici*."

"I think you will like our country," repeated Miss Leynard, "there are so many things to paint in it."

"I hear you are a great belle, Miss Leynard," he said, abruptly.

"*Cela dépend*," answered the girl, carelessly, taking a rose from her bouquet, and leaning over the rail of the balcony, and throwing the petals out into the moon-lit, shadowy gulf below.

"Is that a figurative way of answering me?" he asked, with a slight cynical smile. "Does that action imply that the attention you receive, the hearts you capture, are no more than playthings to you—only rose leaves to be thrown away at your will?"

She turned and looked at him in surprise. The rays from a lamp from above fell on his face, and she noticed for the first time how pale he looked.

"Let us go down into the ball-room," she said, hurriedly, "and watch them dance."

"Pardon me," he observed, coldly, "for forgetting that I was keeping the belle of the season from dancing. I recollect now her fondness for that amusement."

"Yes," returned Nina, energetically, "I love it."

She took his arm, and they wended their way down into the ball-room. Mr. Montred, unlike most Englishmen, was a beautiful dancer; but he did not ask Miss Leynard to dance, and when one of her admirers advanced he relinquished his place beside her, and she saw him afterward sauntering through the rooms, exchanging a smile, or a bow, or a few words, with almost every one he met; for the young artist's acquaintance was large, and Newport's summer population is greatly composed of semi-Europeans.

By-and-by the color began to fade from Nina's cheek, and she grew listless and distrait in her answers to the crowd of men who had gathered about her.

"I wonder why he does not ask me to dance?" she thought to herself, as she played absently with her bouquet. "He knows I am fond of it." She felt both hurt and angry. "Well, if he does not care, I am sure I don't," and with a toss of her head she began to laugh and talk with the man who stood nearest to her, though her eyes kept glancing impatiently through the rooms.

Paul Montred had watched her from an open doorway, where he stood conversing with some of his friends. He now approached her, and asked her to waltz; she could not, as she had only just refused another's invitation, but she took his arm, and passing the different groups that were laughing, chatting, or flirting in the several rooms, they strolled into the garden. Leaving the rise and swell of the ball-room music in the distance, they wended their way down through the garden, where the midnight stars shone on trees and statues, with lamps gleaming between, to the edge of the cliffs.

The night was still; there was no sound save the distant music and the deep, low murmur of the sea as it broke on the rocks beneath them.

The air seemed filled with dreamy fragrance. He, in the still beauty of the night, could listen to every breath and hear every heart-throb of the woman he loved, as he looked into her face with its lustrous beauty. All the passion that was in him stirred as he gazed at her. He stooped toward her.

"Nina," he whispered, "have not you changed your mind during the past year?"

"No," she answered, demurely, while a warmth of sudden color came over her face; "my mind is just the same as it was a year ago."

"And that is—" he began, but suddenly stopped, as Nina looked up with a smile, half shy, half tender, and said, softly,

"And that is—I love you."

With a low, glad cry he seized her in his arms and strained her madly to him.

And the stars shone kindly, and the music played gently, while two human hearts met and were at rest.

"But, Nina," he asked, reproachfully, after a long silence, "if you loved me a year ago, why did not you tell me so in Vevay?"

"Because I feared to mar your future," she said, smiling into his anxious face. "Do you remember how you spoke to me once? You said my face expressed great depth of feeling, and afterward you said you were mistaken in my character—that I was cruel and contemptuous, and my heart was cold and shallow. I loved you, and I wanted to show you that I was not cold and shallow, and that I could make a sacrifice. You know, dear, 'Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.'"

THE HOBOKEN ELEVATED RAILWAY.

The Palisades, which we will liken to a gigantic serpent lying along the west bank of the Hudson, have a tail extending between this river and the Hackensack, and ending at New York Bay. Staten Island is evidently the result of some Titanic game of "snap-the-whip," and has been severed from the tail and dropped between the bay and the ocean.

This "tail" has long been a place of suburban residence, but has not grown as rapidly as the settlements on Long Island. The southern part, through which run the New Jersey Central and Pennsylvania roads, is the more prosperous; but that part lying between Bergen and Fort Lee is yet undeveloped. It is only of late years that any concerted attempt at improvement has been made, and this is largely due to the North Hudson County Railway Company, which started a horse road in 1860, and now runs seven lines of cars to various destinations from a common starting-place at the Hoboken ferry. Their foresight has been demonstrated by their success, and they have now found it necessary to build an elevated cable road to meet the demand for passenger transportation. The completed section of this road runs from the Hoboken ferry to Jersey City Heights, about a mile in length.

It is proposed to continue the road both north and south as soon as the demand will warrant the undertaking, and in time it may run as far south as Bergen and as far north as Fort Lee. What has already been done is built most substantially, and has cost over half a million of dollars.

No construction company was needed to float the enterprise. The company raised the money on bonds issued for the purpose, and all of them were sold before the work was fairly started.

The road, which has a double track, is built entirely of iron, no wood being used except the cushion blocks of white oak on which the rails rest; hence there is not that obstruction to light and air so noticeable in the New York structures. The foundations from the ferry to the foot of the hill are built on piles that have been driven to a solid bed; these piles vary from forty to ninety feet in length, and there are from nine to twenty piles in each foundation. Each group of piles is surmounted by a pyramidal foundation of blue stone and brick, through which pass four anchors, which secure a bed-plate to the apex of the pyramid. On these bed-plates rest the supporting columns. The road at its highest point is ninety-five feet above the level of the Hoboken meadows, over which it passes. It is nearly level for about half a mile from the ferry, when it commences to ascend at the rate of five feet to the hundred. At the Palisade Avenue terminus, Jersey City Heights, is a boiler-house, depot, and engine-house. Four huge boilers supply the steam, and in the boiler-house there is room for four more. Two 500-horse-power Corliss engines drive the cable drums, and room is left in the engine-house for two more when they are needed. The shaft, to which are attached two enormous fly-wheels and the gear to operate the drums, is thirteen inches in diameter. The cable weighs over twenty tons, and the grip, which is not Paine's, but one devised by Mr. Endres, the engineer of the road, is alleged to be perfect, being based on the principle of a pair of blacksmith's tongs.

MISS WOODFORD.

Few race-horses of the many trained in this country and in England ever become established popular favorites. When they do, the appearance of one of them on the track in the preliminary gallops is hailed with a round of applause as warm and as cordial as that given to any operatic or dramatic star. Of the horses so favored during the last few years were Parole and Monitor. Both of them seem to appreciate their popularity, and as the sound of the hand-clapping reached them would prick their ears, and with a half turn of the head seem to acknowledge the applause. The latest of these equine stars is Miss Woodford, whose recent races at Monmouth Park have made her the talk of the race-going public of the whole country, as well as of thousands who have never seen a race.

Miss Woodford was bred by Messrs. Bowen & Clay, at Paris, Kentucky. She was foaled May 9, 1880. She is a bay mare of grand proportions, has a peculiar swinging walk, and almost a rocking-horse movement when cantering slowly, but when fully extended her style is equal to that of any horse in training. There is apparent but little effort. Although a hard puller, she is not a difficult horse to handle in a race. When running she switches her tail in a peculiar manner, and what is most singular, although a puller in a race, she does not pull an ounce when ridden for exercise by the boy (a small boy at that) who has charge of her in the stable. In fact, to many eyes Miss Woodford when at exercise looks like and has been described as "an old slouch."

Like most thorough-breds bred for a market, she was put in training early, and on June 26, 1882, she ran her first race at Chicago (Driving Park Course), when she won the Ladies' Stakes under the "blue, red, and gold" of her breeders and then owners. Since this first appearance she has run in all thirty-nine races, of which she has won thirty, was second in five, third in two, and unplaced in two, one of the latter being a race in which she made the running for a stable companion, and was then pulled up to let him win. Her total earnings up to the present date are a trifle over $101,000.

As a two-year-old Miss Woodford followed up her first success at Chicago by winning the Spinaway and Misses' Stakes at Saratoga, the Filly and the Colt and Filly Stakes at Lexington, Kentucky, making five races won out of eight starts. In the winter following she became the property of the Dwyer brothers, of Brooklyn. At Jerome Park, in the spring of 1883, she first carried the Dwyers' famous red jacket and blue sash, worn by McLaughlin, when she won the Ladies' Stakes, a success followed by winning the Mermaid at Sheepshead Bay, the Oaks and West End at Monmouth, the Alabama at Saratoga, the Great Eastern Handicap at Sheepshead Bay (autumn meeting), the Lorillard Champion at Louisville, and, three days after, the Hunter at Jerome, and subsequently the District of Columbia Stakes at Washington, and the Pimlico at Baltimore. Miss Woodford was wintered at Sheepshead Bay with the other horses in the Dwyer stable, and in the spring of 1884 was given such a preparation that she went through the year without a defeat, winning two purse races and the Coney Island Stakes at Sheepshead Bay in June, the Ocean, Eatontown, and Champion Stakes at Monmouth in July and August, and a purse, the match with Drake Carter at two miles and a half, and the Great Long Island Stakes at Sheepshead Bay in September. This last race is one of two-mile heats, a severe trial under any circumstances, and her owners differed as to the propriety of starting the mare in it. She won the race, but it "took a good deal out of her," and it was not until quite recently that she was considered in condition to run a hard race. Indeed, it was due quite as much to the want of condition as to anything else that she was beaten by Pontiac for the Eatontown Stakes, and by Freeland for the Champion Stakes and the Special Stakes that followed at Monmouth Park. The running in these races, however, no doubt put her in condition to win the great match with Freeland that produced so much excitement at Monmouth Park on August 20. Before her defeat for the Eatontown Stakes Miss Woodford had won a purse at Jerome Park and the Coney Island Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, where she was beaten by Thackeray for the Farewell Stakes, and had won the Ocean Stakes, the Cup, and Freehold Stakes at Monmouth. She will probably run in several races this autumn, and next year it is likely that she will be retired, it being understood that Mr. Pierre Lorillard has offered a large price for her, and that she will eventually find a home in the breeding paddocks at Rancocas. For this destination her breeding especially fits her, she being by the imported stallion Billet out of the American-bred mare Fancy Jane, which was by Neil Robinson out of a mare by imported Knight of St. George. Neil Robinson was by Wagner out of Belle Lewis by imported Glencoe. Billet, the sire of Miss Woodford, is by Voltigeur, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1850, and the mare thus unites the stanchest blood of both countries.

LAWN TENNIS AT NEWPORT.

Never has the quaint Casino at Newport contained within its Elizabethan portals gayer throngs than those which a few days ago crowded the latticed balconies of its court-yard and sat upon long rows of camp-chairs to watch the annual tournament at lawn tennis. Albeit the weather was a trifle warm at times for the sea-side, and now and then, on one of the days at least, there was a sprinkle of rain, Newport turned out in its brightest dresses, and sat for hour after hour to watch this by all odds the most fascinating of fashionable games. The frame-work furnished for the brilliant mosaic of color by the Casino itself was peculiarly appropriate. The smooth greensward, marked off in sharp white lines, the nets stretching across the courts, the flannel-clad, bare-armed athletes, the wide border of gay dresses set with gayer parasols, the well-ordered precision with which the programme was carried out, all contributed to make the festival perfect of its kind.

There is a vast difference between the spectators at tennis and those at a base-ball match. In one case there is always a chance for stray balls hot from the bat, which may "lay out" an innocent on-looker without benefit of clergy. In the other, the fairest of the fair may calmly watch the most energetic rally at the net in the serene assurance that a tennis ball driven never so swiftly can hardly do more than ruffle her plumage. In one case there is always a suspicion of professionalism; in the other, it is, up to date at least, only amateurs who participate. Base-ball has been reduced to a science, and thereby partly shorn of its popular attractiveness. Tennis is full of delightful surprises, and while capable of the highest development in the way of skill, is essentially an intellectual as well as an athletic game.

Moreover, the feminine portion of the audience looks on with a sense of personal sympathy. Has it not no end of ravishing tennis suits in its wardrobe, and does it not know how to return a service cleverly if there is not too much "cut" in it, and can it not keep the score from "love" up to an infinite number of "deuces"?

Since its introduction from England a few years ago the game has undergone a number of changes, mainly in method of play. The rules remain practically as they were. In the double game, for instance, where four players are engaged, two on each side, it was formerly customary for both to remain at the back of the court near the base line. Next it became the thing for one to play up near the net, while the other guarded the rear of the court. At present the best players stand side by side at or just behind the service line, and "volley" their balls as much as possible, each tending his own court, or "poaching" on his partner's only under certain mutually understood conditions.

In the single game, too, volleying from just behind the service line is regarded as the best and surest play. This of course does away with the old style of returns, when the ball would sometimes go back and forth over the net forty or fifty times before either side could score an ace.

It would seem demonstrable, indeed, that the position indicated near what is now unofficially known as the volley line—that is, a foot or two back of the service line—is the point which most completely defends the whole court. A ball dropped gently over the net can be reached before it "dies," and one which is sent too high to be volleyed back is almost certain to go out of court, or, if not, to bound high enough to be saved by a smart run to the rear.

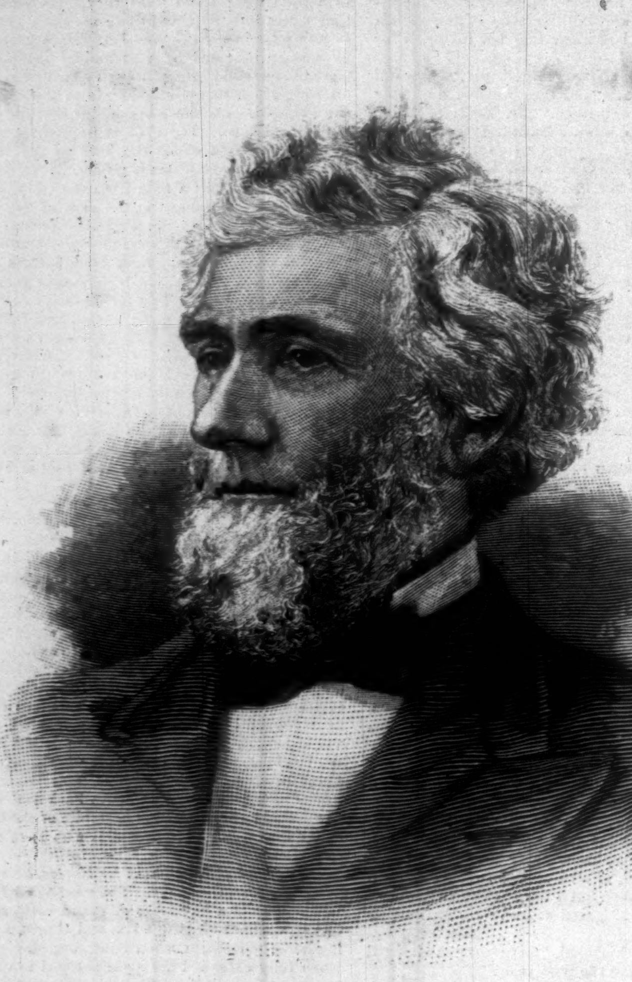
This style of play was largely practiced at the late tournament, and may be regarded as the correct thing, at least until something more telling is invented. Of course in the changing fortunes of a well-conducted game an active player is here, there, and everywhere, but his vantage-point is near the centre of his four courts.

A very difficult return is now practiced by Mr. Sears, the American champion player—and he retains the championship as the result of this year's tournament—which is executed in returning a low drive from the volley line. The racket is held perpendicularly, with the handle near the shoulder, and at the moment of impact a half-jump upward is given. A violent forward rotation is thus imparted to the ball, which does not bound at all, and if stopped on the volley is apt to drop dead to the ground. Mr. Sears has until recently held a monopoly in the successful use of this stroke, but some of his skillful brethren are now acquiring it, and he can not expect long to maintain his supremacy. As has been said, however, he easily retains the championship for the year, and with Mr. Clark holds also first place in the double game. Messrs. Knapp and Slocum hold the second place in doubles, and Knapp the second in singles. Among the more promising of the younger players now coming to the front are Mr. Brinley, who holds the college championship, and Messrs. Bekkman, Moffatt, and Taylor.

Interest in the game is as great as ever, and shows not a sign of falling off. Such a game, in fact, is an invention for all time, and while its immediate popularity may wax and wane, and its rules of practice change from time to time, it is destined to survive and be perpetuated even as its prestige has been during the past centuries of its romantic history.

GOVERNOR FENTON.

Ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton died suddenly at his home in Jamestown, New York, Tuesday, August 25. While at his desk in the First National Bank he was seized with an apoplectic stroke, and died before his family could be summoned. Born at Carroll, Chautauqua County, July 1, 1819, his early education was acquired in his native county. After leaving the Fredonia Academy, he studied and for a short time practiced law in Jamestown, but gave that up to enter successfully into mercantile pursuits. His first office was that of Supervisor of the town of Carroll—a post he held from 1843 to 1851. Possessed now of a competence, in 1852 he went to Congress on the Democratic ticket. Two years later he was defeated for the same office by Know-Nothing votes. When the Republican party was founded in 1856 Mr. Fenton went back to Congress as its representative, and continued there for four terms, serving on the most important committees. His advocacy of President Lincoln's war measures gave him popularity, and in 1864 he was elected Governor of New York over Horatio Seymour. He was re-elected for a second term, and in 1869 he succeeded Edwin D. Morgan as United States Senator, serving with the Republicans until 1875. His name was mentioned for the second place on the Republican national ticket in 1868. He leaves a large estate to his widow, one son, and two daughters.



THE LATE REUBEN E. FENTON.—Photographed by Howell, New York.

SUMMER TOBOGGANING.

Although skating is now entirely independent of the existence of ice and the procession of the seasons, tobogganing has heretofore been regarded as a pastime to be pursued exclusively in winter. Some enterprising persons in Massachusetts, however, have discovered that ice is not essential to tobogganing, and that a vehicle compounded of a sledge and a boat can go down a slide and be received upon a cushion formed by the water. The speed is as great and as exhilarating as if it were obtained upon the ice, while there is less danger of accident at the end of the run.

SKETCHES IN WISCONSIN.

What the White Mountains and the Adirondacks are to the East, and the "Land of the Sky" is to the South, central Wisconsin, with its wonderful diversity of scenery, is to the West. A ride of three hours from Chicago, or one from Milwaukee, takes the tourist into the heart of the Wisconsin lake region, and lands him at Oconomowoc, its most important summer resort. The entire region of which Oconomowoc is the centre, and in which are fifty of the most enchanting lakes in the world, is becoming rapidly covered with the summer homes of Western wealth and refinement.

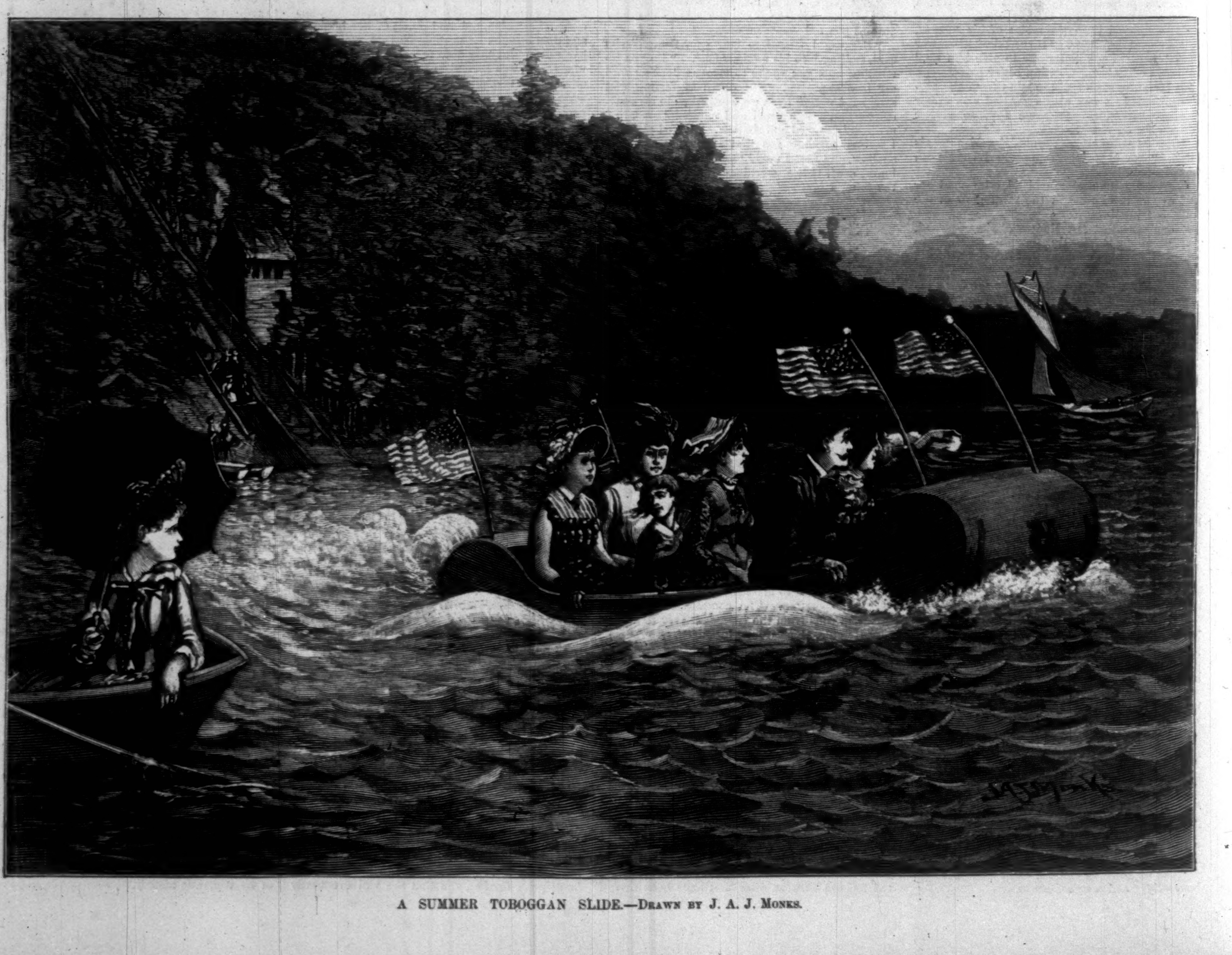
In studying the sketches on page 589, we are hurried away, three hours by rail, to Kilborne City, the head-quarters for explorers of the weird scenery of the Wisconsin River, which at this point exhibits its most remarkable characteristics. Here the noble stream, which is nearly two hundred miles longer than the Hudson, and discharges a much greater volume of water, has, with infinite labor and with many curious twists and turns, cut for itself a deep channel directly through miles of solid sandstone. While occupied in this labor its surplus energy was devoted to architecture and sculpture, and as a result the Dells of the Wisconsin and their vicinity present the most fantastic collection of water-worn monuments, pinnacles, uncouth forms, artful semblances of man's handiwork, grottoes, caves, and subterranean passages, that it is possible for the fancy to conceive. Twice a day the steamer leaves Kilborne City for a trip up the river through the Dells; and the wise tourist engaging passage on her also tows behind the steamer a light row-boat, in which, from the upper terminus of the voyage, he may drift lazily down-stream, stopping at will to explore the many glens and caves that open at every turn, or to gather the ferns and wild flowers that flourish luxuriantly amid all these monuments of by-gone ages. Through the "Narrows" his boat will need skillful guidance; for here the river turns on edge, as it were, and, a hundred feet deep, rushes with terrible speed through a rocky gateway of only fifty feet in width. Here the famous Indian chief Black Hawk is said to have cleared the river at a single flying leap when closely pressed by pursuers.

At the head of the Dells, where the steamer makes her first landing, the two most note-worthy attractions are Stand Rock and Parted Bluff, or "Luncheon Hall." The first is a mushroom-like column rising sheer a hundred feet, and crowned with a broad tablet that was formerly only accessible by a leap from the main cliff, but with which it is now connected by a substantial foot-bridge. Luncheon Hall is the prosaic name given to a remarkable fissure extending entirely through the upper face of a jutting rock promontory, and affording a noble prospect both up and down the valley.

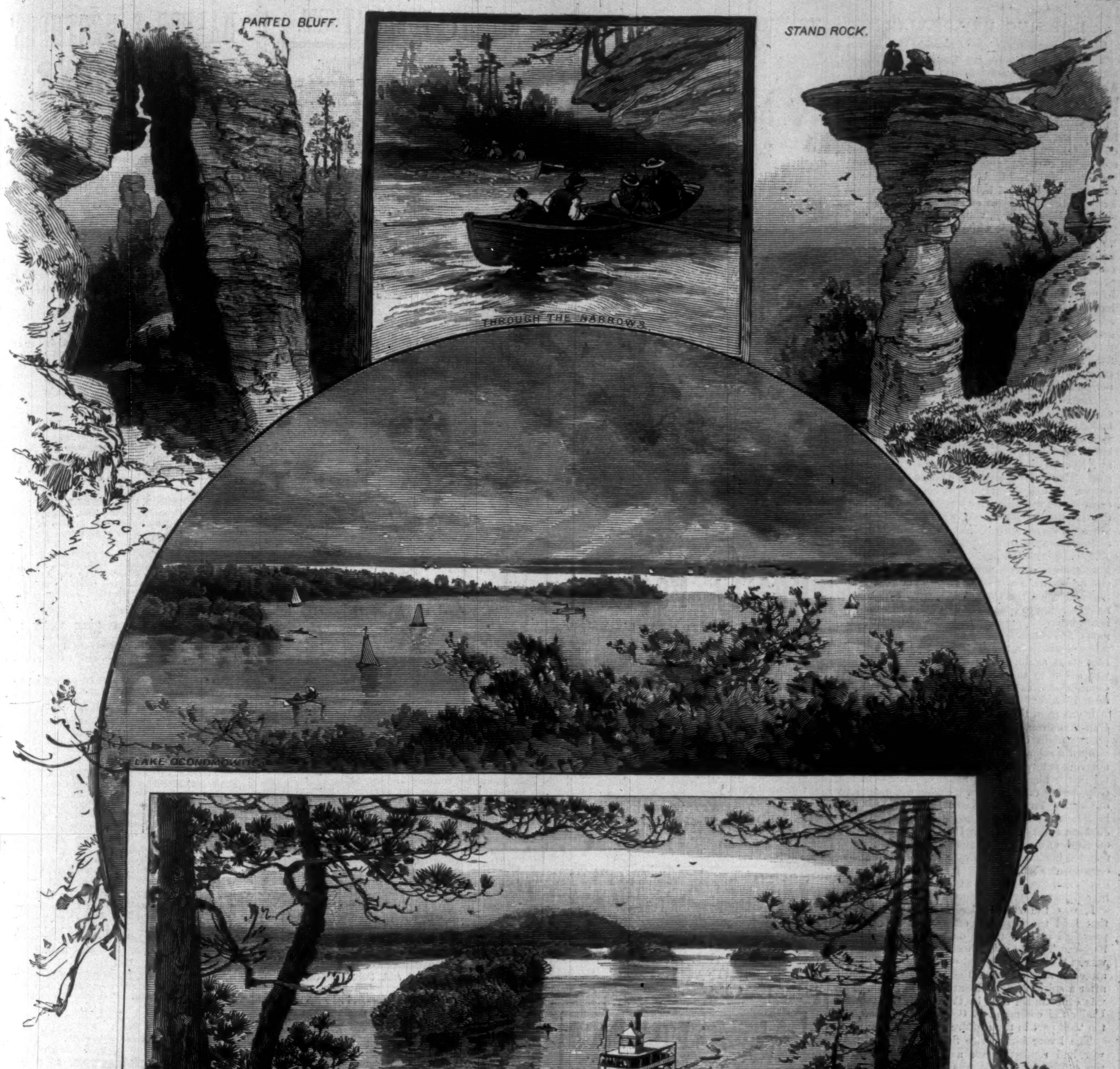
The second landing is at Witches' Gulch, in which is the Phantom Chamber, the most weird and grewsome of all these strange formations.

The list is infinite, and one trip into this wonder-land will but serve to whet the appetite of the explorer, who can profitably devote a week or more to the study of its treasures.

Before the advent of steam the Wisconsin formed an important division of the great commercial highway connecting the St. Lawrence with the Mississippi. With the building of railroads and opening of other avenues of travel and commerce, the inhabitants of the river-banks were tempted to remove to other places, flourishing towns were abandoned, and the country was allowed to lapse into its original state of wildness. For many years the quiet of this second wilderness was only broken by the cries of wild beasts and the songs of the lumbermen who still floated their ponderous rafts down the dusky river. Now the wilderness is again reclaimed, and the wild tenants of the forest have disappeared; but the great rafts of brown logs still float down the mighty river, and the song of the lumberman is heard on its amber-tinted waters. As the timber disappears and the country settles up, the intervals between the rafts become longer and longer, and before many years the song of the raftsman will be one of those traditions that, from source to mouth, enfold the Wisconsin in a romance, curiously contrasting with the modernness of the enterprising commonwealth that takes its name from the river.



A SUMMER TOBOGGAN SLIDE.—Drawn by J. A. J. Monks.



PARTED BLUFF.

THROUGH THE NARROWS.

STAND ROCK.

LAKE OCONOMOWOC.

DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

SKETCHES IN WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 588.]

BURNING MEN-OF-WAR.

Six old men-of-war, the *Colorado*, the *Minnesota*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Congress*, the *South Carolina*, and the *Iowa*, having bravely passed through the war and done good service in the navy, were accidentally burned and sunk in Long Island Sound on the evening of August 21. The ships had been condemned, and sold for their timber and old iron. Men were at work on the deck of the *Colorado* burning planks to get the iron spikes out of them, and the fire spread beyond their control. The timbers of all the boats were as dry as tinder, and before the *Colorado* could be towed away she was enveloped in the flames, and the *Susquehanna*, which lay near her, had taken fire. In a little while all six were burning. So bright was the blaze that it was seen across Long Island at Rockaway Beach, and a great crowd of people who live in the island villages near by gathered on the shore and witnessed the brilliant spectacle. Within three hours the hulls had burned, hissing and gurgling, to the water's edge. Two schooners near by also caught fire, and were wholly consumed. At one time it was feared that the blaze would extend to the fleet of fishing craft which lay near by, but the old war-ships were consumed so rapidly that they sank before they drifted within reach of the fishermen.

This was an ignoble end of men-of-war that had encountered such danger and survived fierce naval battles. When, in 1861, Captain GOLDSBOROUGH was appointed to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron, to guard the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, the *Minnesota* was his flag-ship. Thus early honored, she began a noteworthy career. When the great fight between the *Cumberland* and the *Merrimac* was going on in Hampton Roads, the *Minnesota*, which was the most powerful vessel in the Roads, was aground a mile or more away. In this position the Confederate *Merrimac* attacked her. As she fired her heavy guns she was driven more hopelessly aground, but she drove the *Merrimac* away on the first evening, and when the Confederate boat came back next morning to renew the fight, the *Monitor* had made her appearance. Then it was that the famous *Merrimac-Monitor* naval duel took place. After it was over, the *Minnesota* succeeded in getting afloat again, and in spite of serious damage was saved to take part in other engagements. Commodore LANMAN commanded her at Fort Fisher in 1865.

It was from the flag-ship *Colorado*, of the West Gulf Squadron, that the expedition was fitted out on the night of September 13, 1861, which destroyed a schooner in the Pensacola Navy-yard—a daring enterprise that makes a prominent chapter in the history of the naval operations in the Gulf during the rebellion. Under the command of Captain THEODORUS BAILEY, the *Colorado* was in FARRAGUT'S fleet when he bombarded Forts Jackson and St. Philip in 1862, and took the city of New Orleans. Commodore THATCHER commanded her in Admiral PORTER'S squadron at the capture of Fort Fisher in 1865. Both the *Minnesota* and the *Colorado* were launched at Washington just thirty years ago.

It was the *South Carolina*, Captain ALDEN, that held the blockade off Galveston, and was provoked in 1861 to fire on the batteries in the harbor. The old side-wheel frigate *Susquehanna* was in the main fleet that on November 7, 1861, attacked and captured the forts at Port Royal after a spirited engagement of three hours. She was commanded then by Captain J. L. LARDNER. Under the command of Commodore GODON, she too took part in the capture of Fort Fisher.

The honorable service that these old men-of-war had rendered gave a historical interest to the conflagration that was caused by the carelessness of a laborer, and added interest to the spectacle that the Long Island villagers witnessed. At least the flames furnished them with a more fitting end than that of being sent piecemeal to dealers in old iron.

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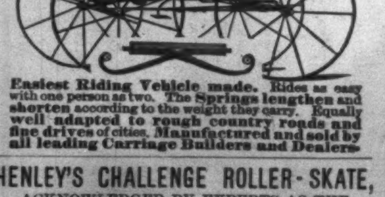

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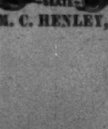

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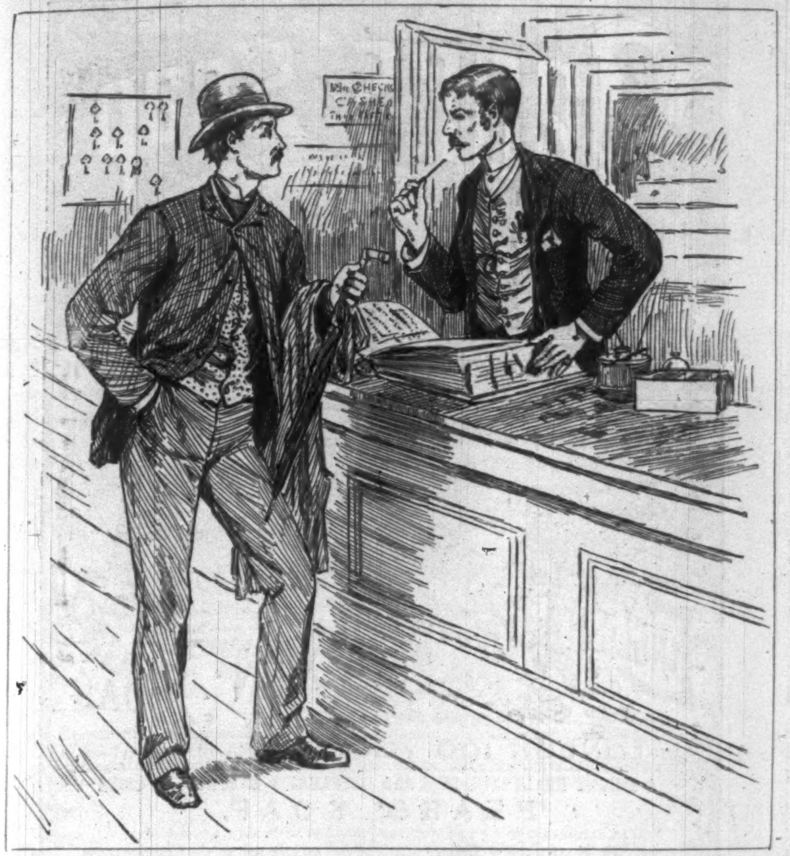

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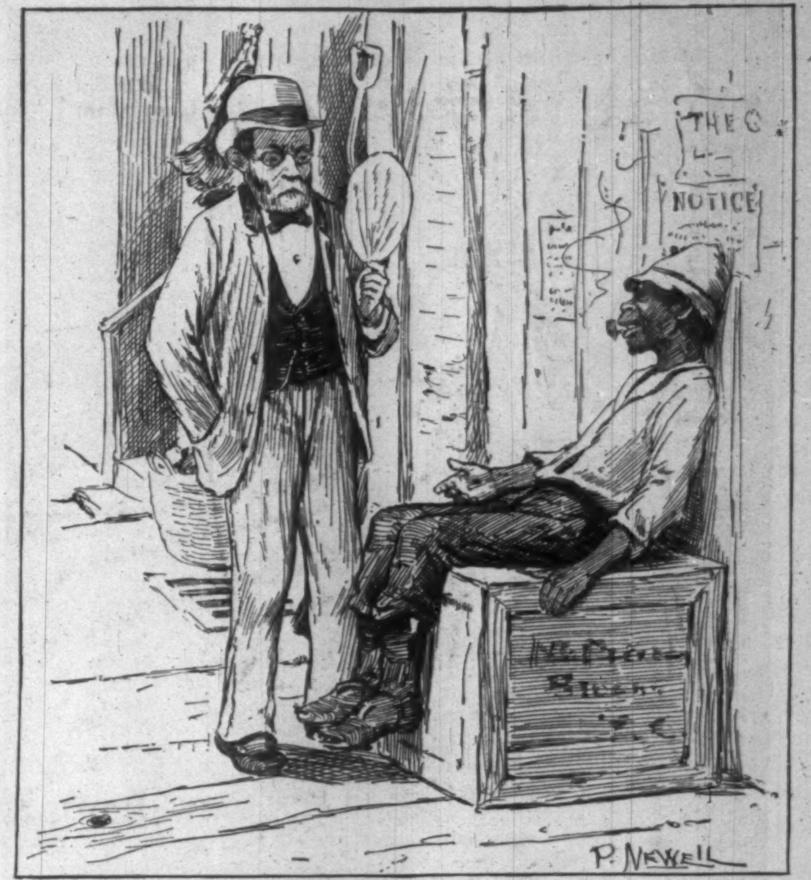

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SIX old men-of-war, the *Colorado*, the *Minnesota*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Congress*, the *South Carolina*, and the *Iowa*, having bravely passed through the war and done good service in the navy, were accidentally burned and sunk in Long Island Sound on the evening of August 21. The ships had been condemned, and sold for their timber and old iron. Men were at work on the deck of the *Colorado* burning planks to get the iron spikes out of them, and the fire spread beyond their control. The timbers of all the boats were as dry as tinder, and before the *Colorado* could be towed away she was enveloped in the flames, and the *Susquehanna*, which lay near her, had taken fire. In a little while all six were burning. So bright was the blaze that it was seen across Long Island at Rockaway Beach, and a great crowd of people who live in the island villages near by gathered on the shore and witnessed the brilliant spectacle. Within three hours the hulls had burned, hissing and gurgling, to the water's edge. Two schooners near by also caught fire, and were wholly consumed. At one time it was feared that the blaze would extend to the fleet of fishing craft which lay near by, but the old war-ships were consumed so rapidly that they sank before they drifted within reach of the fishermen.

This was an ignoble end of men-of-war that had encountered such danger and survived fierce naval battles. When, in 1861, Captain GOLDSBOROUGH was appointed to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron, to guard the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, the *Minnesota* was his flag-ship. Thus early honored, she began a noteworthy career. When the great fight between the *Cumberland* and the *Merrimac* was going on in Hampton Roads, the *Minnesota*, which was the most powerful vessel in the Roads, was aground a mile or more away. In this position the Confederate *Merrimac* attacked her. As she fired her heavy guns she was driven more hopelessly aground, but she drove the *Merrimac* away on the first evening, and when the Confederate boat came back next morning to renew the fight, the *Monitor* had made her appearance. Then it was that the famous *Merrimac-Monitor* naval duel took place. After it was over, the *Minnesota* succeeded in getting afloat again, and in spite of serious damage was saved to take part in other engagements. Commodore LANMAN commanded her at Fort Fisher in 1865.

It was from the flag-ship *Colorado*, of the West Gulf Squadron, that the expedition was fitted out on the night of September 13, 1861, which destroyed a schooner in the Pensacola Navy-yard—a daring enterprise that makes a prominent chapter in the history of the naval operations in the Gulf during the rebellion. Under the command of Captain THEODORUS BAILEY, the *Colorado* was in FARRAGUT'S fleet when he bombarded Forts Jackson and St. Philip in 1862, and took the city of New Orleans. Commodore THATCHER commanded her in Admiral PORTER'S squadron at the capture of Fort Fisher in 1865. Both the *Minnesota* and the *Colorado* were launched at Washington just thirty years ago.

It was the *South Carolina*, Captain ALDEN, that held the blockade off Galveston, and was provoked in 1861 to fire on the batteries in the harbor. The old side-wheel frigate *Susquehanna* was in the main fleet that on November 7, 1861, attacked and captured the forts at Port Royal after a spirited engagement of three hours. She was commanded then by Captain J. L. LARDNER. Under the command of Commodore GODON, she too took part in the capture of Fort Fisher.

The honorable service that these old men-of-war had rendered gave a historical interest to the conflagration that was caused by the carelessness of a laborer, and added interest to the spectacle that the Long Island villagers witnessed. At least the flames furnished them with a more fitting end than that of being sent piecemeal to dealers in old iron.

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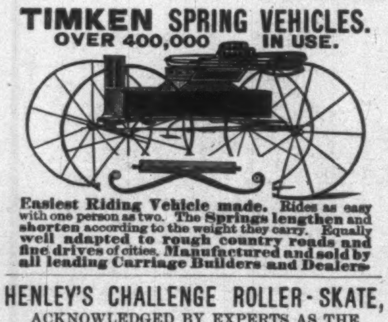

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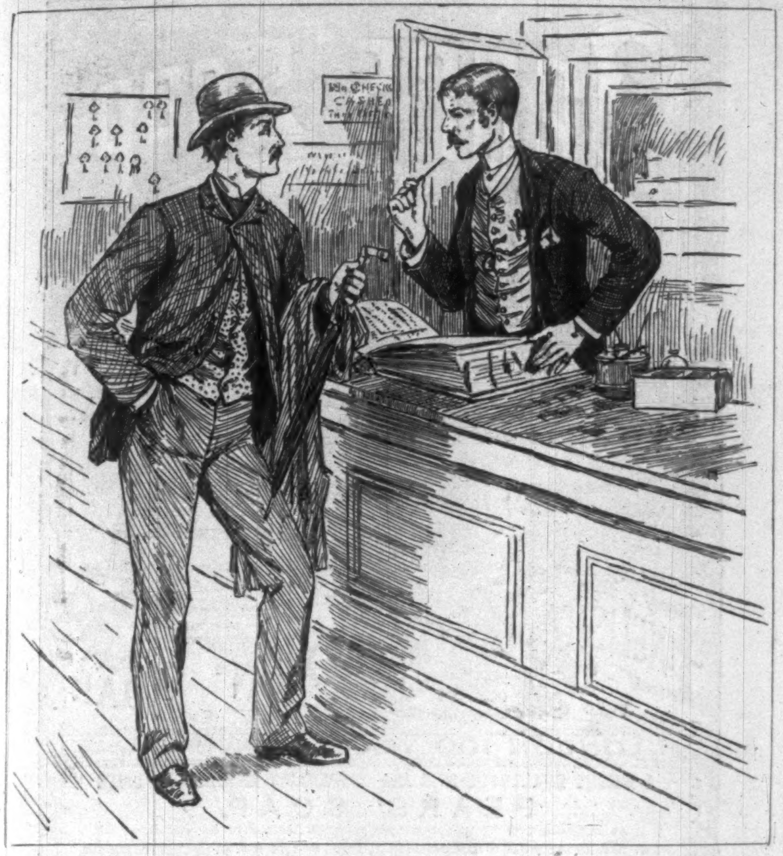

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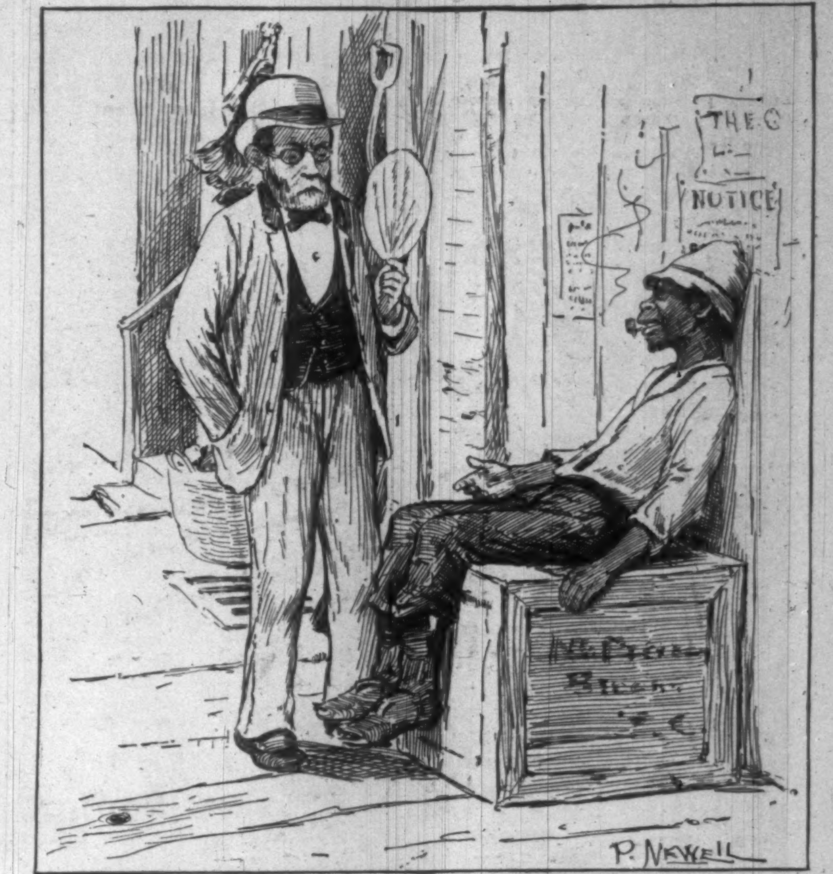

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